THE BYSTANDER
Vol LXXIII—No. 945

JANUARY 11, 1922

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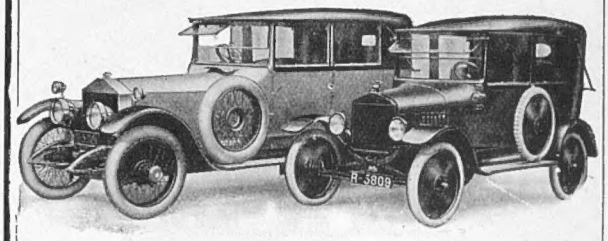

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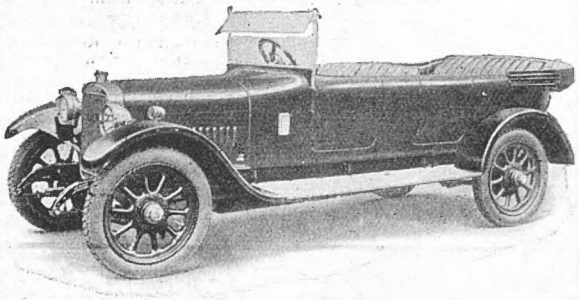

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THE GRAPHIC

January 14, 1922.

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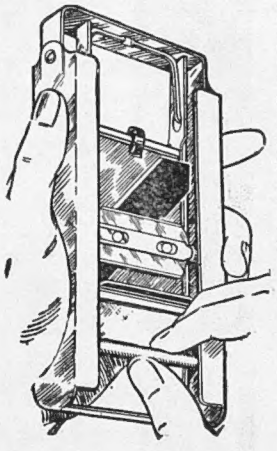

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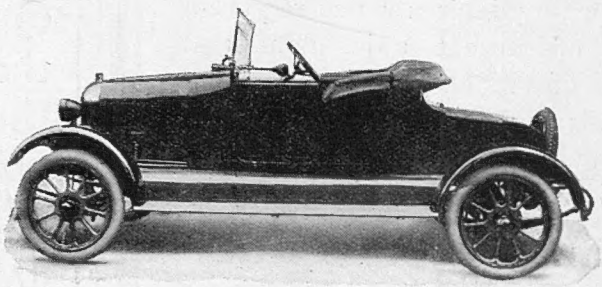

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The Bystander, January 11, 1922

No. 945. Vol, LXXIII.

The BYSTANDER

BY WILMOT LUNT

THE LOVING CUP "TIE"

MR. BULL: "After you, mademoiselle!"

ENTERTAINMENTS.

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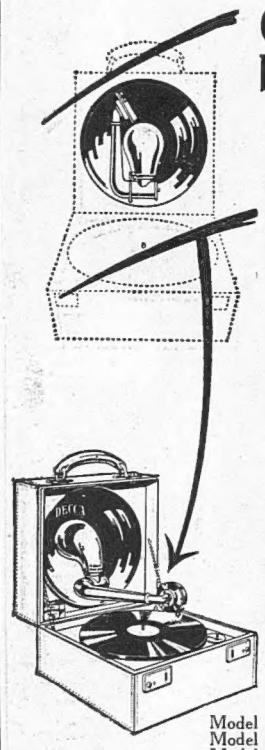

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MELBOURNE HART & Co., 31/34 Basinghall Street, E.C.

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

A Dismal Death Knell

If ever a year went to its grave, or wherever it is that old years go when they die, unwept and unhonoured, it was 1921. Not a single writer of a "Review of the Year" could find a good word to say for it. Of course, we exonerate ourselves from all blame for what befell in 1921. The way in which we personify the year, pack all our own faults upon its back and send it forth as a scapegoat into the wilderness of past time, is absolutely Pagan. So, too, is the way in which we hope that 1922 will be a "good year," just as though we could have nothing to do with it ourselves.

Not 1921's Fault

One may imagine poor old 1921 grumbling to himself, "*I* did not cherish your squandermaniacs, *I* am not responsible for all your evils, from strikes to inferior plays. On the contrary, *I* gave you a wonderful year, a beautiful spring, a lovely summer and autumn, and started you easily on winter. So far as *I* was concerned every prospect was pleasing, it was only man that was vile."

Good-Bye "Blue Boy"

I went last week to make the acquaintance of, and say good-bye to, one whom the country can ill afford to lose, yet cannot afford to keep—Gainsborough's "Blue Boy," now in the National Gallery. What a pity he cannot remain there! One is apt to fear disappointment on some of these occasions. Many of us, I suspect, if honest, have often said, "Well, I suppose it is everything the *cognoscenti* claim for it, but really I don't quite see it." But let no one fear disappointment with the "Blue Boy," no one, that is, who has a soul above a photograph of Georges Carpentier kissing his cook, or of the cottage, indicated by an arrow, in which Dr. Spilsbury examined exhumed remains.

The Most Arresting Picture

The "Blue Boy" is one of the most arresting pictures I have seen in any gallery. Everyone who can spare half an hour should make a point of seeing it before it goes. The picture, which, I was told, was very dirty, has been skilfully cleaned by the official cleaner to the National Gallery, and can never have been more beautiful. I envy America the wealth that takes it from us. I am told that of the £200,000 Mr. Huntingdon paid for the "Blue Boy" and the "Tragic Muse," £170,000 was the price of the former. I suppose we must regard it as part of the price of winning the War.

With the Daily "Dail" in Dublin

To me the most pleasing and most hopeful portent vouchsafed during the dreary deliberations of the Daily "Dail" in Dublin was the severe and dignified rebuke administered by Mr. Michael Collins to the Countess Markievicz for her vulgar reference to Princess Mary, and also the manner in which it was received by the meeting. No voice was raised in sympathy with the Countess, and even she was apparently shamed into silence. For the rest, the proceedings have been calculated rather to make one wonder how the Dublin Parliament will manage to get through its business when it starts, unless the "Deputies" will consent to being strictly "rationed" in their rhetoric. The House of Commons has been called the "Talking Shop." In comparison with the "Dail" it might be called

HANDING HIM THE BIRD
(At least, we presume that is the intention)

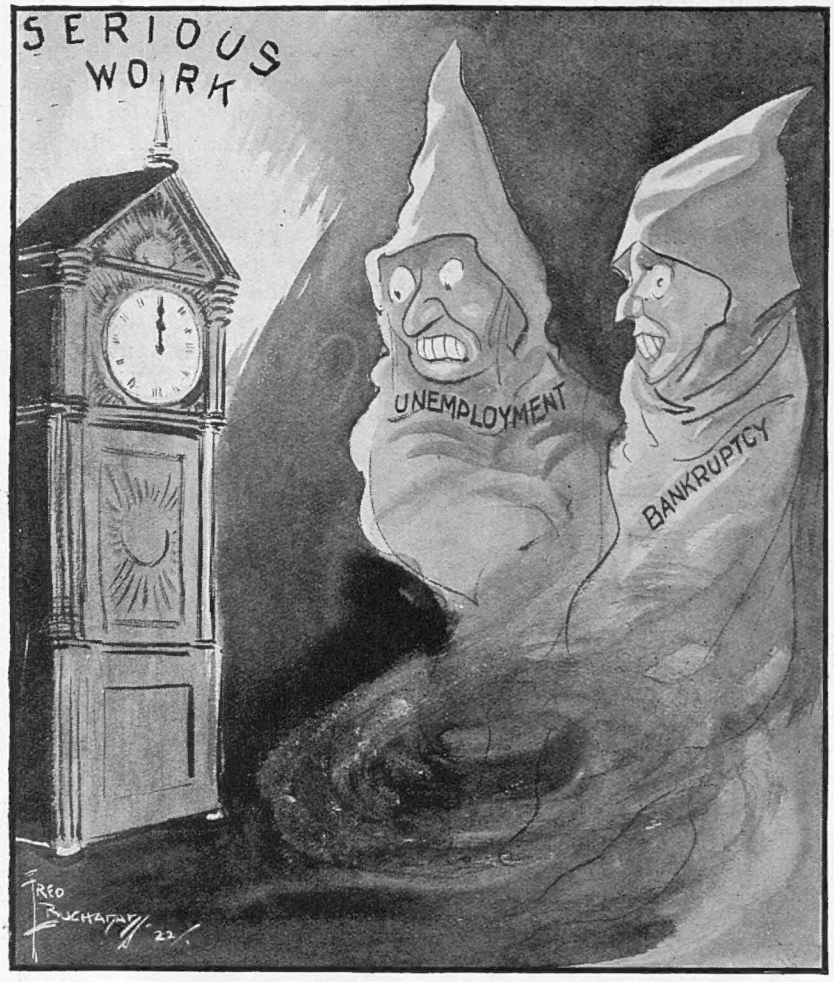
By D. L. Ghilchik

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

a collection of "silent wives." The reporting staff in the Dublin establishment will be a hard-worked body.

The Will to "Waste"

WHY has yesterday's newspaper ceased to have any value? Time was when people advertised for it, and would come and take it away in their own sacks and carts, and even pay some trifling price for it. But to-day it is a nuisance. One or two papers a day can be used up in even a small household. But if you take half-a-dozen in the morning and four in the evening, it is a difficulty to dispose of them.



THE GHOST SEASON FINISHES — By Fred Buchanan

1st Ghost: "Come on, it's up to us to disappear—the clock is beginning to chime"

The gentlemen who clamour for empty bottles, and who look with disparaging eye at the suit you are wearing when you falsely tell them that you have no "old clothes," will not look at waste paper, however good its condition.

Absolutely Refuse It

THE lordly Borough Dustmen refuse it point-blank. In the country one can burn it. But in a London flat or gardenless house yesterday's newspapers become a problem. A judge the other day suggested that over-taxation was practically forcing people into dishonesty. I am beginning to understand why men may be driven to the awful depths of clipping newspapers in clubs.

Riotous Revelling

HOGMANAY outside St. Paul's, even in its most joyous days of which tradition tells, can never have been but as the primmest of Sunday School parties compared with last New Year's Eve in New York, Chicago, San Francisco, and other American cities. Taxi-cabs were converted into travelling bars—later on, one supposes, being used as ambulances for the incapable. Deaths by the dozen from alcoholic poisoning; deeds of violence by whisky-crazed revellers; and the spectacle of drunken young women "of the better class," ushered in the New Year in these great centres of civilization.

Poisonous Pussyfootism

OUR newspapers very generally commented on the fewness of the charges of drunkenness in the police courts after Christmas and New Year. But is it safe to boast that we are better in this respect than our cousins across the Atlantic? Should we not rather be thankful that so far we have been preserved from the hideous and powerful temptations of Prohibition? Long may we continue to avoid following in the Pussyfootsteps of the United States!

The Peerage and the Profesh.

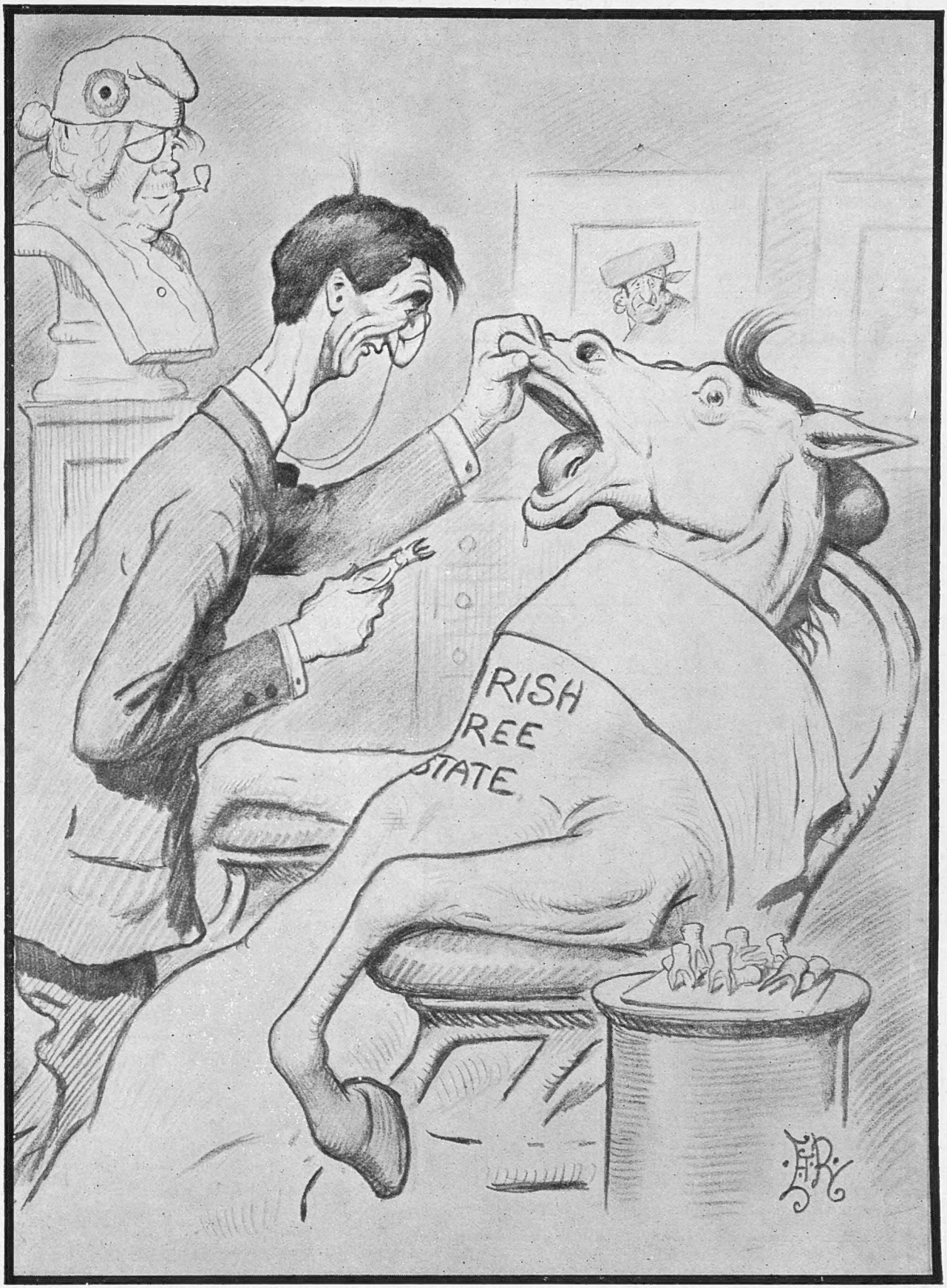
"MISS ——'s performance by any other name would have been as good," wrote a dramatic critic the other day, in noticing the London *début* of a young actress in a small part. Of course, he meant that whatever *her* name had been, her performance would have been as good. I agree. But had she not been the daughter of a peer, would our dramatic critic have devoted the *whole* of his notice, plus a photograph, to the playing and the pedigree of a young lady taking a minor part? I trow not. Nor do I complain. We are all as interested when a scion of the Peerage goes on the Stage, as when a member of the stage enters the Peerage. But we might as well be quite frank about it.

Honours and Horrors

IF 1922 goes on as it has begun, the Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussaud's will be uncomfortably crowded before midsummer, or some of our old friends will have to be moved to make room for the newcomers. This would be rather a pity. Madame Tussaud's Honours Lists are always very carefully chosen. I cannot think of anyone having been included whose selection has not been universally approved by the public. Madame's advisers know their business thoroughly.

(Continued on page 60)

The Gift-Horse and the Dentist (of Foreign *Extraction*)



BY E. T. REED

DE VALERA *(removing the last tooth)*: "Not 'look ye in the mouth,' indade!! Caramba! Gee-Whizz! and Begorrah! oi'll larn ye to come passifoyin' and assuagin' round here, so I will!!"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

The Distressful Country

In view of the recent developments in Ireland, it is rather significant that the spring bookings from the distressful country to America are unusually large. These intending emigrants have now received a shock in the shape of notices posted in Cork, forbidding emigration without the written permission of the Republican Government. Evidently a certain popular ballad calls for revision :

FORSWEARING O' TH' GREEN

Oh, Paddy, dear, we meant to clear
Across the ocean blue,
But now they say we've got to stay
And see the matter through.
Sure, 'tis a more distressful country
Than it has ever been,
They'll be hanging men and women for
Not wearing of the green.

By "JONK"

STOCK EXCHANGE CELEBRITIES

No. XII.—MR. F. A. H. BOOTH

The father of the Stock Exchange Committee and a great figure in the House. Is above all things a golfer, and has for many years been on the Amateur Golf Championship Committee, and was a scratch player at Sandwich. Still plays a "plus" game on the "green" of any billiard table

Nothing Else Would Do

Sir Charles Hawtrey is much too good a sportsman to mind this little story against himself. "Have you heard that Hawtrey has refused a knighthood?" asked a well-known clubman on New Year's Eve. "You don't say so! Why?" gasped his companion. "Says he won't be satisfied with anything less than a bankruptcy," was the reply—and together they drank the jolly good health of that jolly good fellow whose acting at the Criterion has become the criterion of good acting.

HAVING NO HONOURS

I'm not a Peer! No fear!
A Peer! No blooming fear!
I was lucky! I was missed
When they published the Honours List.
I went for a trip into Kent,
And stayed a week in Dover;
I took good care to stop down there
Till the danger had quite blown over!

Our Best Fiction Writer

Who is our best short story-writer? Meeting Percival Gibbon at the London Sketch Club the other evening I was able to tell him that he had that day been so described in my hearing. A few hours later I was assured that Gibbon couldn't hold a candle to Conrad, and now I am told that in his new book, *The Trembling of a Leaf*, Somerset Maugham has got them both beaten. Probably, however, others would claim that the palm for fiction should go to H. G. Wells, in view of those Washington despatches.

PURE FICTION

Maugham, Conrad, and Gibbon
All claim the Blue Riband
For writing short stories to-day :
But Wells has been writing
Some really exciting
And full-blooded fiction, they say.

Educational Acrobats

There are three things that everybody can do better than anybody else, and the third of these is to train up a child in the way he should go. Education is an engrossing problem, and my sympathies are all with the gentleman who is now attacking those "servile virtues" with which young students are sedulously crammed. "What becomes of the clever boys who carry off all the prizes?" asks this Bolshevistic pedagogue, to which query Echo dutifully answers "What?" And now comes Mrs. E. Nesbit with the pretty suggestion that poetry might be less sparingly used in the modern curriculum. Boy! Fetch me my harp :

Katherine of Aragon
Was hardly a paragon ;
Anne Boleyn
Was soon done in——

Stop me, somebody, it's too easy!

The Prince's Good Luck at Lucknow

Photograph *Central News*

THE WINNING HORSE WITH H.R.H. UP

At Lucknow races the Prince rode two winners and two seconds and he is seen being led in after the second race by a highly delighted native owner

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

A Princely Gift

WAS there ever a more princely gift than the clubhouse Lord Cowdray has given to the Royal Air Force Club? The old Lyceum Club, in Piccadilly, has been transformed into a palace and a whole block of buildings behind it have been taken in for squash racquets courts. There will be seventy bedrooms, so the Air Force people will be far better off than most clubs.

The sum Lord Cowdray has expended upon the club is £345,000, and of the Club itself he telegraphed from Dunecht, where he and Lady Cowdray have been having a large family party, "I have given it with thankfulness and pride. Their (the Air Force) unsurpassed achievements in the Great War demand our grateful recognition, and in providing the clubhouse I have endeavoured to give effect to my personal devotion and admiration." Memorable words, these.

I remember during the early summer days of the Lyceum Club the indignant comments from the tops of buses from passengers who spied rows of empty glasses standing on the balustrades of the balconies, "A woman's club, and public drinking!" "Disgraceful!" "What an example!" etc.

But the glasses had contained nothing stronger than lemonade or soda-water. People are so apt to leap to conclusions.

Sir Gerald and Sir Charles

IT really begins to look as if you are certain of a knighthood if you have been an actor-manager for a certain number of years, but nobody will grudge Sir Gerald du Maurier or Sir Charles Hawtrey their New Year honours. The two new creations, and the death of Sir John Hare, make six actor knighthoods — Sir Squire Bancroft, Sir Johnson Forbes-Robertson, Sir Frank Benson, Sir John Martin Harvey, or seven if you include Sir Harry Lauder—not an overpowering number when you consider the size of the profession and all that it does for the public.

Photograph *L. N. A.*

A JANUARY WEDDING

Lieutenant J. K. Elliot, R.N., the second son of Mr. T. R. B. Elliot, of Clifton Park, Kelso, and his bride, Miss Enid Mudie, only daughter of the late Mr. C. J. Mudie and Mrs. Mudie, formerly of Natal, South Africa, leaving St. Mark's, North Audley Street, after their marriage

The Cecils and Parliament

BISHOPS take their seats in the House of Lords by seniority, only so many spiritual peers being members of the House. During last year the places of the Bishops of Bath and

WITH THE PRINCE IN INDIA

During the Prince's visit to Agra and Oudh, he spent several days with the Governor of the United Provinces, H. E. Sir Harcourt Butler. Sitting in the front H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, H. E. Sir

Wells, Manchester, St. Edmundsbury and Ipswich, and Salisbury became vacant by death or resignation. These four Bishops have been succeeded by the Bishops next in seniority. These are the Bishops of Chester, Exeter, Truro, and Worcester.

The entrance of my Lord Bishop of Exeter into the House of Lords creates an interesting little fact in history. He is a son of the late Marquis of Salisbury, so now all the four surviving sons of that great politician are in Parliament, the reigning Marquis and his Bishop brother in the Lords and Lord William and Lord Hugh Cecil in the Commons.

Political Hostesses and Their Troubles

THE announcement that a huge Coalition evening party is to be held at Devonshire House gives colour to the general opinion that the political hostess is rapidly becoming extinct.

Two things weigh heavily against a woman who has ambitions in that direction. The first is the cohorts of people covered by the word "political," and the consequent numbers of invitations which must be issued unless serious harm is to be done by "giving offence." Here comes in a question of expense, and even your very rich aspirants to political influence have to think twice, if not three times, before they launch out invitations to, say, three thousand people—the number, it is said, who are to be bidden to Devonshire House.

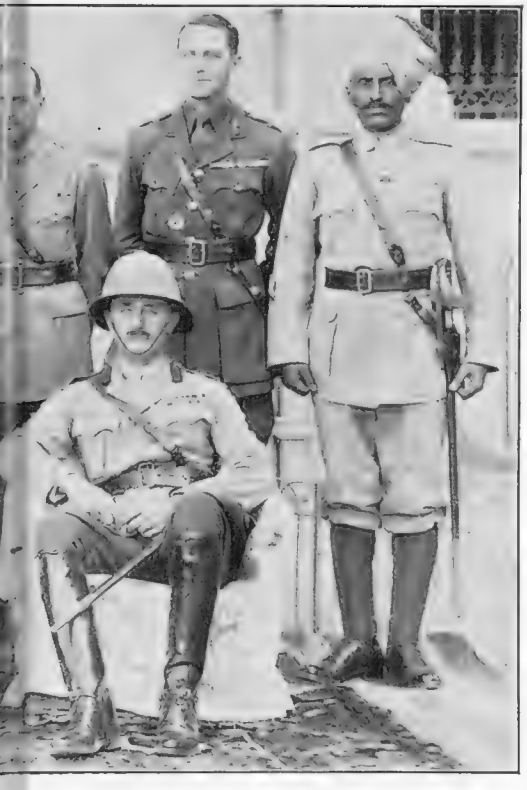
The second point is that the big squashes into which "political" parties have now resolved themselves do not bring any return to the host and hostess commensurate to the trouble and expense involved. In the days when everything was on a much smaller scale a political hostess could help her party. Many lukewarm or wavering folk among the lesser sort could be "roped in" by being asked to meet the great and coroneted. It gave them a sense of importance. Personal introductions were possible, and increased the sense of importance.

But now, when the lukewarm and the wavering find themselves insignificant units amongst several hundreds of other people, their only glimpse of the great and coroneted over rows of shoulders, and their only word to their hostess, the "How d'ye do?" when they are announced — well, they go away still lukewarm and wavering. In some cases they retire absolutely antagonistic if husband and wife have not met a soul they know

Photograph *Topical*

CELEBRITIES GOLF IN INDIA

Lord Reading (in grey), Viceroy of India, Lord Ronaldshay, the late Governor of Bengal, Sir William Vincent (standing next to Lord Reading), and Sir Henry Wheeler recently played a close game of golf at Tollygunge



w, left to right: The Earl of Cromer, Mrs. Victor Gamble, rcourt Butler, and Colonel R. B. Worgan

Photograph *Lafayette, Ltd.*

THE COUNTESS OF LYTTON

Whose husband, the Earl of Lytton, has been appointed Governor of Bombay in succession to the Earl of Ronaldshay. Countess Lytton was the daughter of the late Sir Chichele Chichele-Plowden

Photograph *Central News*

A BRIDE-TO-BE

Miss Nancy Muriel Brooke, whose engagement to Sir Howard Frank, Bart., K.C.B., the well-known director of Knight, Frank, and Rutley, has just been announced

and have had to entertain each other all the evening. And this happens very frequently at these big squashes.

It will cost a pretty penny to provide even light refreshments for the three thousand at Devonshire House. I wonder who will pay the bill, and likewise for the hire of the old house, which used to be the scene of *real* political parties when Louise, Duchess of Devonshire, pulled the Unionist strings.

How can the cleverest of hostesses introduce a promising and rising young man upon whom "an eye should be kept" to Cabinet Ministers and the powerful of the party amongst a chaos of three thousand people? She would have to spend her whole evening in finding the young man or the Ministers. No, politics in the mass help neither the political hostess nor her guests.

"The Meanest Lot"

A NEWLY ennobled one and his wife were anxious to settle in a "good neighbourhood" in the country, but, being children of wisdom, decided to take a furnished house to see if they liked the locality before embarking upon purchase.

A suitable house was found—nothing easier, alas! in these days—and my Lady motored down to inspect. Now, my Lady was of that type of woman whom her friends call "homely," and her enemies call "plain." She was shown over the house by the housekeeper. Ultimately they came to the kitchen. The cook was most obliging and friendly. She explained the idiosyncrasies of the range—how to woo the hot water or the ovens—showering masses of kitchen detail upon my Lady.

The housekeeper went to the other end of the kitchen to speak to a servant. Lowering her voice the cook said to my lady:

"I hope you'll be able to come in soon. This is the meanest lot I've ever struck, and that's saying a good deal! I don't expect you'll be able to stand it for more than your month. I haven't."

Photograph *Alexander Corbett*

BRIDESMAID TO THE PRINCESS

Princess Maud of Fife, the daughter of the Princess Royal, who, with Princess Marie of Roumania, will be the Princess's bridesmaid on her wedding, the date of which has been the subject of many recent rumours

The cook was leaving, and had mistaken my Lady for her successor.

"Little Norkins"

SPEAKING of cooks, it is amusing how often their unofficial "in-gatherings"—in the kitchen, I believe, they are described as "little norkins"—are brought to light by chance or accident. Four new stones in a stone-paved hall of a London house have just brought to light this little history.

When the family are in residence the centre of the hall is covered with rugs. The family have been in the country since September. Husband and wife came up for a few days shopping before Christmas, but the house was left under dust-sheets, and, of course, the rugs in the hall were left rolled up at the sides.

Directly they entered the house both husband and wife noticed four new slabs of stone in the very centre of the hall, startlingly, aggressively new slabs. And this, if you please, was the result of their enquiries.

As is usual in the majority of big London houses, all heavy luggage in this particular mansion has to be taken through the front door. Last September the whole household went to the country house. Prior to their departure all the luggage was collected from the various rooms and stacked in the hall in readiness for the van that was to take it to the railway station. Now, the *chef* had put his bags and boxes upon the top of two barrels standing outside the kitchen door. The barrels were taken to be part of his belongings and duly carried upstairs and placed with the other luggage in the hall.

The day was hot; the night was hotter still; the luggage was not taken to the station until the following day. Just before the van arrived the *chef*

Photograph *Bassano, Ltd.*

MISS ELIZABETH RADCLIFFE

The elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alex. N. Radcliffe, of 45, Kensington Square, and Bay Park, Widecombe-in-the-Moor, whose engagement to Lord Gorell, C.B.E., M.C., Under-Secretary of State for Air, is announced

Photograph *Sport and General*

REFLECTIONS . . . .

Mr. Lloyd George crosses a stream on the Cannes Golf Course while recuperating previous to the Conference, which opened on Friday

came upstairs, evidently much perturbed by the disappearance of his two barrels. He was delighted when he saw them standing in the hall—it was all a mistake, he explained—they were not to go. But when they were moved two large grease stains were discovered on the stone floor. The barrels contained dripping, of which the day and night's heat had taken heavy toll!

Picture the *chef's* dismay! How it was managed the owners of the house were not able to discover—obviously there must have been some collusion with other servants—but the *chef* had the four damaged stones taken up and replaced at his own cost!

Under ordinary circumstances the change would never have been seen. The owner of the house argued that if the *chef* could go to the expense of replacing the stones his place carried more profit than his wages, an opinion in which he was confirmed by the further discovery that the barrels contained three hundredweight of dripping and were "called for" the day after the *chef* and the other servants had gone to the country. So, in addition to their Christmas shopping, the owners of that house had to look out for a new *chef*.

Another little history I heard recently of the doings of some *chefs* was in a big house in the Highlands. The staff of servants was not an especially large one. Four daughters of the house had been there for a month; then they were joined by their father and mother. For the next three weeks the family was alone—no guests. But the house books disclosed the astonishing fact that the *chef* had used two hundred and fifty eggs a week during the month's residence of the daughters, and that the arrival of their parents had sent the number up to three hundred and fifty a week.

There was an immediate vacancy for another *chef*.

Photograph *Lafayette, Ltd.*

THE BEAUTIFUL SISTER of Sir HAMAR GREENWOOD

Miss Gladys Hamar Greenwood, the youngest daughter of the late John Hamar Greenwood, of Spencer House, Whitby, Canada, and sister of Sir Hamar Greenwood, whose engagement was announced last week to the Hon. Simon Rodney, third son of Corisande Lady Rodney

Photographs

LAWN TENNIS AT MONTE CARLO

Mlle. Lenglen, Mme. de Niori (with her Pekingese), Mrs. Marion Crawford and Mr. Marion Crawford on the courts at Monte Carlo

FORE!

Colonel Harvey, the American Ambassador, who is at Cannes in connection with the Conference, taking some mild exercise

E. Navello

SIR FRANCIS TOWLE

And Mrs. Satterthwaite walking to the courts for the Monte Carlo Tournament

On New Year's Eve there were 450 diners at the Café de Paris, besides the hundreds at the opening night of the Restaurant des Ambassadeurs, where the famous cook from the "Normandie" at Deauville (who receives, I believe, the trifling retaining fee of £2,000!), and many more at the Hôtel de Paris, and Ciro's, etc. The old standard at Ciro's is worthily maintained and many distinguished *habitués* of the Riviera were there assembled, including some large parties of Americans. At some of the dancing and dining-places prices vary considerably. At one, champagne (not properly cooled because the supply of ice had failed, it was said) cost 80 francs, while at another the charge for an equally good or better bottle "*frappé*" was 65 francs. The charge for a dancing lesson for an hour at the same place is 200 francs, while at others it is 100 francs, and, of course, often much less. The public will soon discriminate. It is this sort of thing, which is to be found occasionally at all fashionable resorts nowadays, that gives a place a bad name which is not merited, especially at Monte Carlo, where the hotel keepers for the most part are notably reasonable.

At the Ambassadeurs, among the diners were: Mr. and Mrs. Marion Crawford, Miss Doris Chapman, Mrs. and Miss Furth, M. and Mme. Terrien, Mr. Chauncey, Comtesse de Bourbel, Mr. and Mrs. Barstow (Baroness Orczy), Mr. Hodgkins and party, Mrs. Goldenberg, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Fox, Major Bryce, Viscomtesse Freda des Garets, Baronne de Hardenbrock, Mrs. Satterthwaite, Captain Hillyard, Lord Dewar, Sir Walter and Lady de Frece, Sir Francis and Lady Towle and Miss Towle, Marquis Sarnelli, Mr. and Mrs. Dearborn, Mr. Sofio, M. Resuge, Mr. G. M. Simond, Mr. and Mrs. Henley, Mrs. Caroline Baker, Mr. Guy Repton, Mr. Justice Horridge, Lady de Bathe, Mrs. MacLester, etc.

Photograph *Central News*

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT

The Duke, with his gardener, in the grounds of his villa at Cap Ferrat. Formerly his garden was a football field, and he is justly proud of the transformation

The Riviera

The Hôtel des Iles d'Ors—famous for its dances and classical concerts—at Hyères, and others there and at Costabelle, are having a very good season, and there is much animation on the golf course, and at the tennis and croquet grounds. Also much dancing and bridge, not to mention baccarat, etc. The prices are distinctly moderate.

Many well-known golfers were to be seen at the dance at Orestes last week. I noticed Lieut.-General Sir John Du Cane, Brig.-General Aspinall, Mr. Myrom Herrick and his son, Major Pollitt, the Grand Duc Demitrie, Major Bryce, Major Steele, Mr. Hugh Coghlan, Sir Ellis Hume Williams, Lord Waleran, Brig.-General Brewin, Mr. Schindler (vice-President of the New York Rotary Club), Lord Nunburnholme, the Craven boys, Mr. FitzGeorge, Captain Chadwick, Mr. Chauncey, Comte de Bourbel, Mr. James Colfelt, Hon. Reginald Coke, Mr. de Grecff, and many others. Orestes was packed by 200 happy holiday-makers. The fun and some of the frocks were fast and furious.

The first Riviera lawn tennis tournament of the season finished at Monte Carlo on January 1. The weather has been perfect, but the light towards midday has been rather dazzling from the west side, and the wooden service and side lines of the courts—slightly sunk below the surface—are very bad. Everything else is well arranged. A most pleasant

Photograph *E. Navello*

ON THE LINKS

Mr. Lloyd George with Lady Markham on the Cannes golf course. Lady Markham is the widow of the first baronet, who died in 1916

Photograph *E. Navello*

MISS WARREN

The daughter of Sir Norcot Warren, playing golf at Cannes

Photograph *Ch. Cresp*

AT THE CARLTON TENNIS CLUB—CANNES

Sir Robert Horne, Miss Burke, the secretary of the Carlton, and Lieut.-Colonel Sir Albert Stern

Week by Week by Dunce-Scotus

meeting took place, and some fine play was much enjoyed by small, but appreciative, galleries. The green matting round the courts has made the background admirable. Lord Rocksavage has distinctly advanced by defeating Captain Hillyard (after losing the first two sets) in the final by 2—6, 2—6, 6—3, 6—4, 6—3. M. de Becker, a Belgian newcomer, should improve rapidly. He did well to beat Mr. Marion Crawford, who has been holding the cracks in practice lately, but dancing too late to do himself justice. M. Gallépe, for France, is a fine player with a great variety of strokes and great facility with the half-volley. Mrs. O'Neil played well against the winner of the ladies'—Mrs. Satterthwaite—and was only beaten 7—5, 6—3. The American lady—Mrs. Cabot—who has at one time or another beaten all the best American ladies, did not get many games from the winner, but had tremendous rallies, and evoked much applause. Lord Rocksavage and Mrs. O'Neil won a set in the mixed final against Captain Hillyard and Mrs. Satterthwaite.

Photograph *Ch. Cresp*

POLITICIANS ON THE RIVIERA

Sir L. Worthington-Evans (right), the Secretary of State for War, arriving with the Préfet of Cannes for the International Conference

THE Monte Carlo International Championships begin on February 27, when 25,000 francs are offered in cups and prizes. The cup-holders are: Singles, Mr. F. Gordon Lowe, Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen; Doubles, Major Kingscote and Mr. Wallis Myers, Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen and Miss Ryan, Major Kingscote and Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen. Mlle. Lenglen is not allowed to play tennis for some months, but probably she will play better than ever at Wimbledon, where she will play through the Championship this year like the other holders, who were all anxious to do so last year.

Photograph *Central News*

SMILES ON THE RIVIERA

Miss Helen Orr-Lewis, the Ranee of Pudukota and Miss Mary Graham Orr-Lewis photographed at Cannes. The Misses Orr-Lewis are sisters of Sir Frederick Orr-Lewis who owns the Villa Valetta at Cannes where the Prime Minister has been residing

MEN AND MODES

BY "BOW WINDOW"

Cucullus non facit monachum, which for the benefit of any of my readers who do not happen to be classical scholars, may be translated: "'Tis not the cowl that makes the monk." Nevertheless, every man goes through a period in his life when what he wears is a matter of supreme importance to him. I remember that at the age of eight I wanted, above all things, a pair of button boots.

THE peacock phase—by which I mean the period when it brings misery to a man to feel he is presenting a less fine appearance than his fellows—is of varying duration. Some men preserve it always. I know an old gentleman who fought (I understood him to say) at Balaclava, who to this day will never walk down Piccadilly in anything except a top hat. There is to me something rather dignified and attractive in what irreverent youth calls an old beau. With many men the day when what they put on matters to them soon passes. They no longer care whether they have one stripe or two down their evening trousers; the number of studs in their dress shirts is a matter of indifference to them; they groan at having to put on a top hat to go to a wedding or a Sunday lunch. Such, if bachelors, often degenerate into untidy old men. But if married, curiously enough, the most casual of men generally remain neat. Why? Because their womenfolk insist on their taking care of their appearance. Which brings me to an important point in my dissertation.

THE other day a lady complained to me that a man, who was one of an informal party at her house, refused to go on to supper at a fashionable dancing club because he was wearing a dinner jacket. "Aren't men silly? Aren't they vain?" she said.

OF course, times have changed since the War, though the tail-coat and white waistcoat are almost re-established for all that. But I could have assured that good lady that ten years ago the average young man, with any claims to Beau Brummellism, would not have gone with her even to a theatre in a dinner-jacket, and would rather have tarred and feathered himself than escorted her to a dance so dressed.

IT is you, my lady readers, who are responsible for our modes. We may be vain, as you say. We may be "cuff and collary" to a degree that makes you say we are ridiculous. But it is you who make us so. What but the fear of losing your favour makes us shave so carefully a second time before going to a dance. The lord knows it is no pleasure in this cold weather to scrape a razor twice in the same day over a chapped chin. But if we don't, what happens? We scrape——

HOWEVER, as I was saying, it is the ladies who are responsible for our modishness. A very beautiful leader of feminine fashion has written an article in a contemporary saying that men are vainer than women. She says that in the early days of our Island history we put woad on ourselves not for the delectation of the damsel we had carried to our cave, but to take the shine out of one another. She calls us incredibly conceited, more occupied with the matching of our ties and socks, than the problems of Ireland or the Pacific.

IN reply I will content myself with asking only one question. Who takes most time to dress for dinner, and who lingers longest in the cloakrooms of theatres and restaurants—man or woman?

"GENERAL POST" By Margaret Butcher

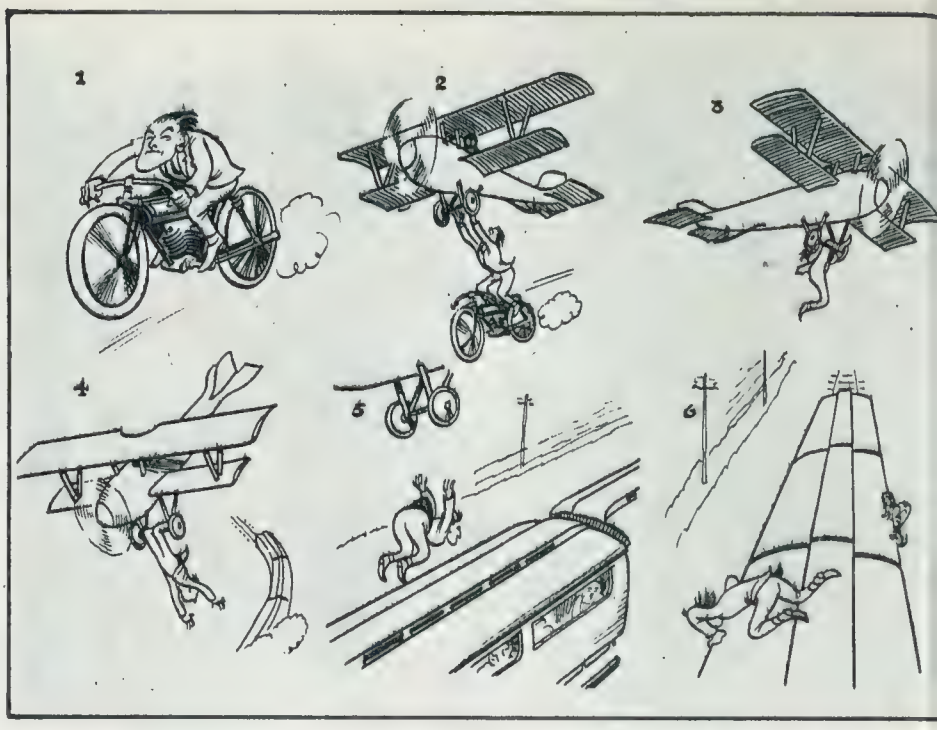
"A Famous Charge"

BY WILMOT LUNT

"ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF IT—LEFT OF THE SIX HUNDRED (£)"

POETS & POETRY

BY THOMAS JAY



L U

About once every now and then one of those gentlemen with an intellect so powerful that it makes a buzzing noise as he walks along tells us that poets are born, not made. So far nobody has had the courage to tell us why they are born, yet there is good news in the report that a newspaper written entirely in verse has been started at Athens.

It has been said, rightly or wrongly, that most young men write poetry with a wealth of thought, which is just as well, for only disappointment would follow if they entered the realms of poetry with a thought of wealth.

The writer of poetry is to be admired for his moral courage, and we have the word of Mr. Justice Darling that he himself writes poetry as a hobby, thus differing from those of us who do it for spite.

I well remember, in my own case, that I started writing poetry at a very early age. My father, quite rightly, took the opinion of a man who knew, and asked him what should be done about it. He advised my proud parent to take me to a doctor, because a piece of bone might be pressing on the brain.

My first poem was most successful. I wrote it about a rich uncle who was staying with us at the time, and just when I came to the last line in the fifteenth verse, which read, "Don't put my Uncle's Whiskers up for Sale," my father came along. He very kindly invited me to his study, where he interviewed me about my poetry, and I can assure you that I was never more impressed by an interview than I was by that one. I was so impressed that I stood at meals for several days. It may have been most impolite, but, believe me, I preferred it that way.

However, to the beginner, poetry-writing is fairly easy and a good plan is to follow the old masters.

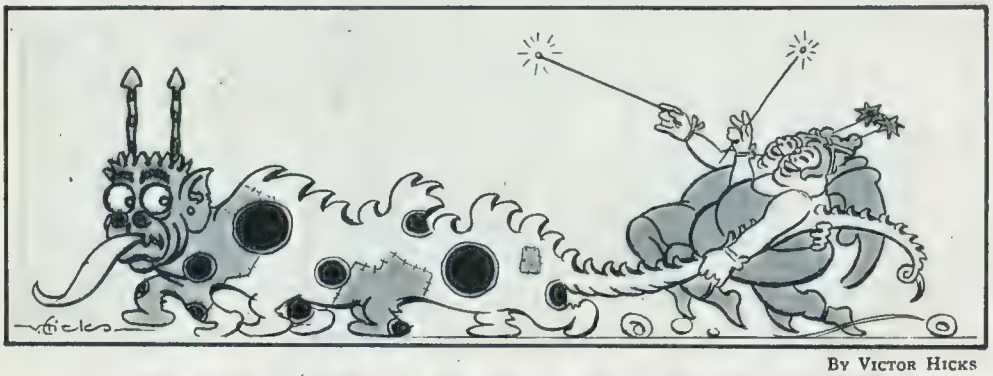
Take the late Mr. Wordsworth, for instance. You will remember how he tramped across the moors of Cumberland . . . he might have taken a bus, of course, but he had gone out without any money in his pocket, being a poet—and there he met the cottager's pretty daughter—and, of course, he wrote a poem about her.

Always write from real life, of course. Some poets write about the skylarks in December, and I can only suppose that they are working on last season's skylark—or, perhaps, they keep a stuffed skylark in their drawing-room as a sort of stand-by.

And one other thing the poet must have. He must have a soul. Everybody will tell you that a poet must have a soul. No matter where he gets it, he must get it somehow; why, one friend of mine has a very big soul indeed—I think it was made for a bigger man—and he told me that he bought it off a poet who was going out of the business and was entering some useful occupation like plumbing or being a Cabinet Minister.

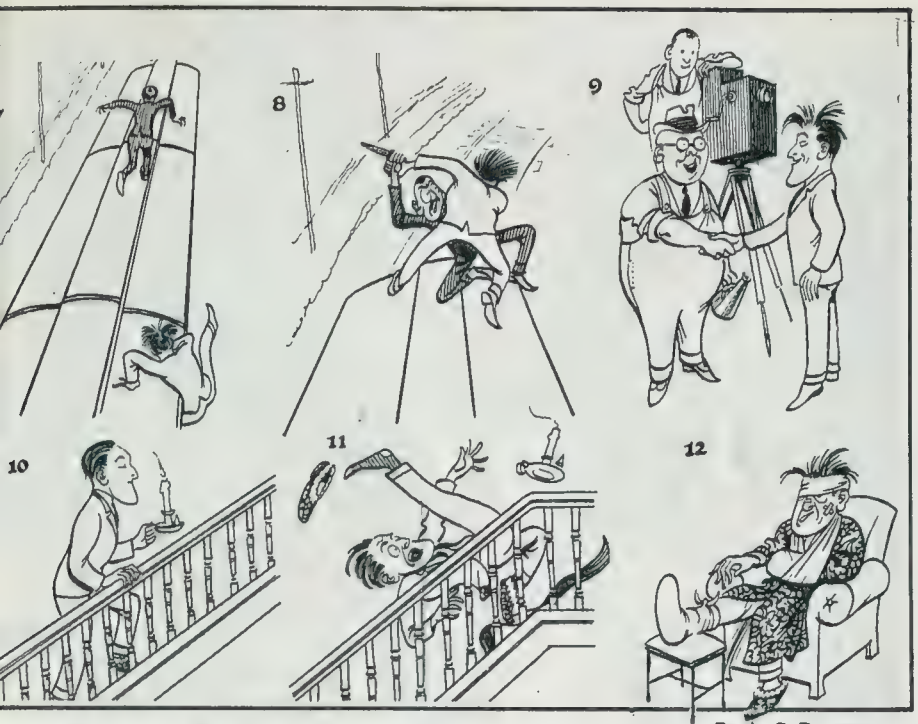
The poet must also have the artistic temperament, for this covers a multitude of sins. If you see a poet wearing several overdue shaves that is the artistic temperament. If you see the same man with a clean face, a starched collar, and he borrows half a crown from you, that is the artistic temperament also. In short, the artistic temperament can do almost anything except go to work.

The artistic temperament is ordering a glass of milk and a biscuit when the soul cries to heaven for a Porterhouse steak, chips, two sweets, and a bottle of Bass. The poet should only write on one side of the paper. Any editor will tell you which is the right side of the paper to write on.



By Victor Hicks

THE AIRY FAIRIES—A BIT OF A DRAG ON THE DRAGON



By A. C. Barrett

C K !

When the poet has studied all these things and obtained the necessary materials for writing, all he needs do then is to get a job in a boiler factory at regular wages, and he'll get on. Meanwhile——. (You had better get off.—Ed.)

T. J.

A "School for Executioners" has been established in Moscow. Scholarships, we understand, are offered for such pupils as will offer their services for experimental purposes.

* * *

A man has been sentenced to ten years imprisonment for obtaining 5*s.* from a Scotsman in a highway robbery case. It is proposed to erect a monument to him!

* * *

"M. Rotter, of the Leander Bank," says a Carlsbad message, "is proceeding to Paris . . ." We are authorised to state that this gentleman is in no way connected with M. D. S. Windel!

* * *

Lord Weir advocates longer hours as a remedy for increased cost of production. Sixty minutes to the hour have been and always will be long enough for us!

* * *

"Hullo!" says a pamphlet issued by the 'Phone Controller, "is not a sacred word essential to all telephone converse." Neither are most of the other ejaculations forced from exasperated subscribers!

* * *

Favourite Songs of Former Rulers: (1) The ex-Emperor of Austria-Hungary, "*I Hear You Karl-ling Me!*"

* * *

Mr. "Pussyfoot" Johnson is reported to be amusing himself by painting pictures. In "water" colours, we hope!

QUITE INCOMPARABLE

BY ENID BLYTON

"Here, guard," shouted a pompous-looking individual in the train.

The guard hurried up.

"I'm going to Crewe," announced the passenger, "but I'm dead sleepy, and I want you to wake me up there, see?"

"Right, sir," answered the guard. Something passed from hand to hand.

"Never mind if I yell at you a bit for waking me up," continued the passenger. "I never like being woken, but I must be, for if I pass Crewe I shall miss an important appointment—a *most* important appointment," he affirmed, impressively.

"Right, sir," repeated the guard, slamming the door.

The pompous man arranged himself comfortably, covered himself with a rug, and sank back with a sigh of content, and soon he was giving vent to long drawn-out snores.

When he opened his eyes again they rested on a snow-covered mountainous countryside. He sat bolt upright in amazement. The train presently drew into a long station, and the man dazedly read "Glasgow" on the platform boards.

He jumped out of the carriage, and made for the guard in a fury. A crowd gathered round in admiration of his vocabulary. The guard listened in rapt attention, nodding his head in enjoyment of various adjectives.

"Aw," he said, at last, "you're fine, man—but ye're no to be compared with the man ah put out at Crewe!" E. B.

By Victor Hicks

A LITTLE TAIL PIECE—NO GOOD CAN EVER COME OF THIS

THE STERNER GAME

By A. A. THOMSON *Sketches by H. K. ELCOCK*

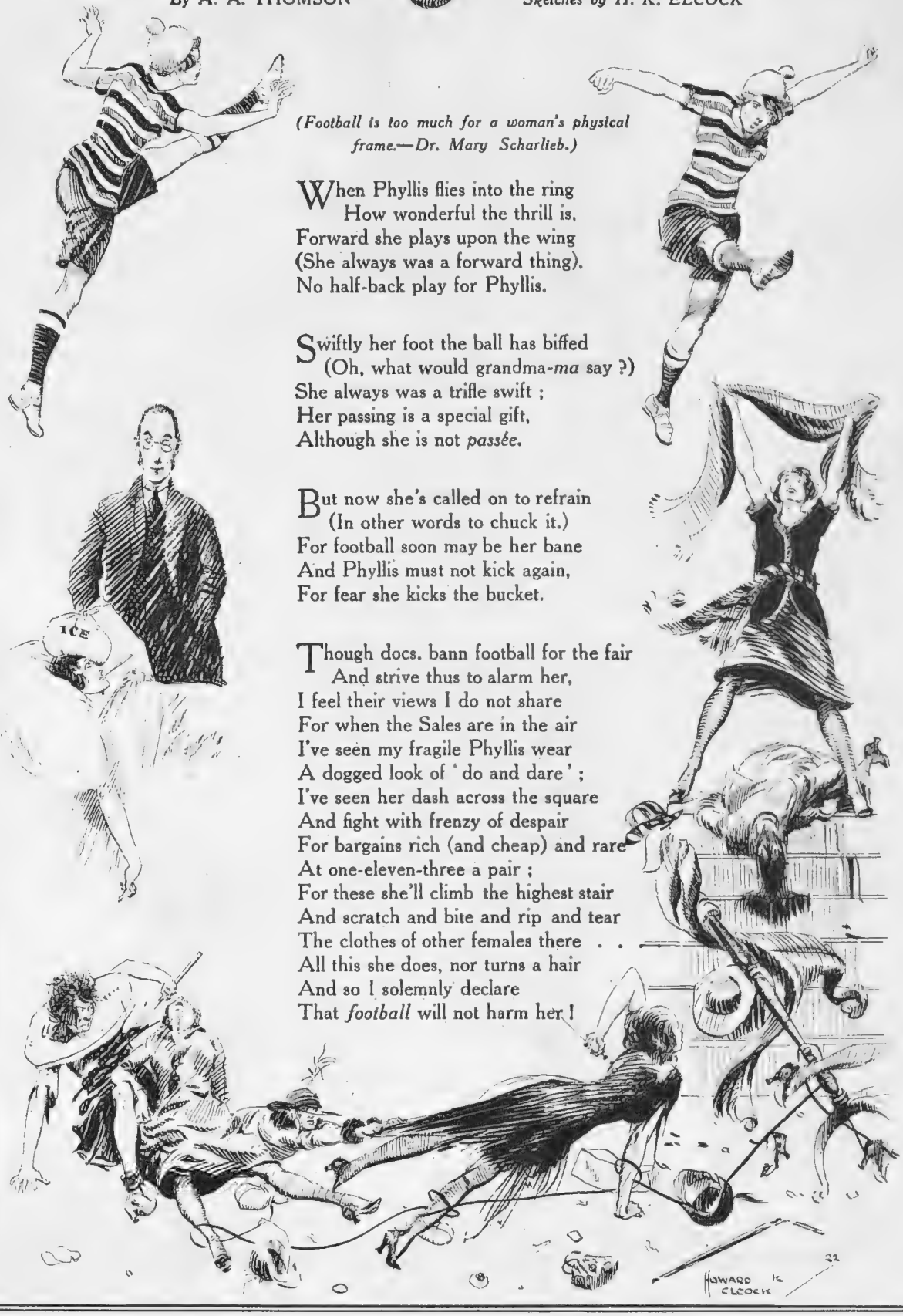
(Football is too much for a woman's physical frame.—Dr. Mary Scharlieb.)

When Phyllis flies into the ring
How wonderful the thrill is,
Forward she plays upon the wing
(She always was a forward thing).
No half-back play for Phyllis.

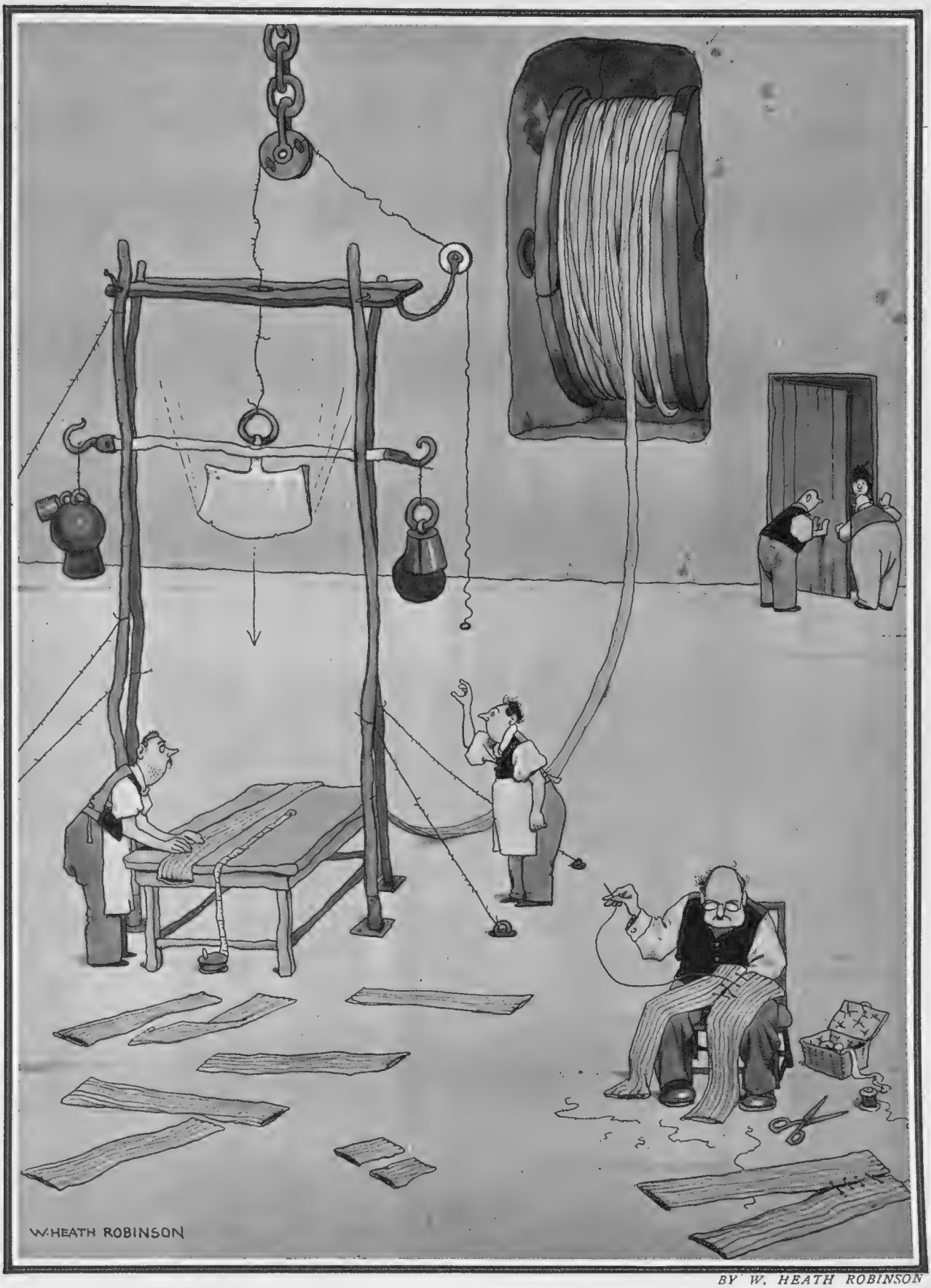
Swiftly her foot the ball has biffed
(Oh, what would grandma-*ma* say ?)
She always was a trifle swift ;
Her passing is a special gift,
Although she is not *passée*.

But now she's called on to refrain
(In other words to chuck it.)
For football soon may be her bane
And Phyllis must not kick again,
For fear she kicks the bucket.

Though docs. bann football for the fair
And strive thus to alarm her,
I feel their views I do not share
For when the Sales are in the air
I've seen my fragile Phyllis wear
A dogged look of 'do and dare' ;
I've seen her dash across the square
And fight with frenzy of despair
For bargains rich (and cheap) and rare
At one-eleven-three a pair ;
For these she'll climb the highest stair
And scratch and bite and rip and tear
The clothes of other females there . .
All this she does, nor turns a hair
And so I solemnly declare
That *football* will not harm her !



Sew It Seams



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

IN THE CUTTING ROOM OF A GENTS' PYJAMA FACTORY

COOK and CARPENTIER IN TRAINING

A Woman's Visit to the Two Camps

BY MARION CRAN

ILLUSTRATED BY PHYLLIS KERMODE

I WAS to go to see Carpentier in his training quarters at Maidenhead, and write of what effect his efforts made upon the female mind. The job appeared to be a cheery one on the face of it, seeing I had surveyed the gallant's handsome visage time and oft in the newspapers, always wreathed in engaging smiles; and had observed him, too, on the films and once in the flesh, making pleased obeisance to the uproarious cheering of enthusiastic crowds. I pictured the genial fellow cultivating his brawn amid the idyllic surroundings of the "mansion" by the river, "with superb gymnasium complete," which imaginative reporters had already described in several papers, and faced a long cross-country journey in a leaky old car through the rain and mud without concern; suffering, indeed, a certain amount of envy from those who were not to be privileged to see this popular idol at close range.

I found a bleak house in an avenue of houses, and a rather bleak welcome. But the gymnasium is all right. It is a large place, with one or two pear-shaped balls hanging from the ceiling, a stand fitted with sliding ropes, and a white canvas-carpetted ring with padded corners. A young man was revolving therein around the fists of a short fat man, and they were—I learned—the famous gladiator and his *chef*, Battling Marco.

I do not think Carpentier cares for training; it seems to make him peevish, and he had communicated his gloom to the sprinkling of spectators shivering around the walls. The only smile I saw in the melancholy *entourage* was upon the face of Harry Drake, who took Marco's place in due course, and plunged laughing into the champion's grim embrace as if he thought it a joke. Perhaps our Gallic friends take *le sport* more seriously than Englishmen. Certainly the little dark man, who was pointed out in an awed whisper as Monsieur Deschamps, Carpentier's manager, was serious to the verge of ill-temper. He dominated the ceremony with a kind of angry industry; bustling to and fro, and snapping at everyone. Maybe success is but a "mouldy mess-mate," after all! A nerve-wracking companion which the many who miss her are better without.

Presently Georges Carpentier came nearer to where I sat, and I watched him closely while he punched one of the pear-shaped balls; he looked morose, like a spoiled child doing lessons when he wanted to play; after pulling the ropes on the aforesaid stand for a while, he attired himself in an elegant sky-blue dressing-gown, and made off joyously to his bath. All that one had dreamed of a debonair Frenchman—gay and gallant, charming, world-famous, challenging and brilliant, was lacking in the man here; but perhaps I had struck a bad day. Completely disillusioned as to the pleasant lines in which the lives of fighting men are set, I reflected miserably that the morrow would find me in just such another chilly atmosphere, when I must search out Cook, the Australian, in his Essex camp, and watch him likewise tread the mill of toil. There is nothing I hate so much in the world as seeing people bored, and being bored seeing them bored.

Remote on a wind-swept, tree-set hill I ran my man to earth, and the first impression was that of the contrast between the austere, clean beauty of his environment and the flashy unrepose of the fashionable riverside town in which his rival trains; it made one realise of a sudden that the two personalities which are to meet in Homeric combat on the 12th, before the eyes of the whole world, have chosen each his camp-pitch according to the past that has moulded him. The man of cities and of

crowds, sophisticated and aware, accustomed to the surge and exaction of great populations, has retired to Maidenhead to train his body and rest his nerves; the man of the lonely places, son of the backwoods, who knows the sound of tree and wind and singing stars better than the voices of his fellow-creatures, has taken himself to the quiet woodland reaches where he is most at home.

Except for the gymnasium, which looked exactly like Carpentier's, I found this difference extended to every detail of my visit to the Australian's camp. Laughing and sweating he pounded and was pounded by Lloyd, his sparring partner, till the call of "Time" brought him to me . . . rough, simple, kind, to give a word of welcome . . . returning at once to skip an orgy of fantastic steps with a magic rope which he used as the lightest and swiftest of partners.

He is quite different to the petted French boy, with none of his grace of body; heavily muscled, a shorter man, heavy featured, unattractive till one meets the frank brow and pleasant, wistful eyes. His charm lies in an utter absence of affectation; there is no self-consciousness in him, and he does not pose.

A little, very alive, man came up, and he introduced him as his manager, Mr. Lucas. Again I became aware of a dominant personality—quick, sharp, hot-hearted, full of intelligence; there is a logical, bitterly determined will knit with his fiery temper, which makes the man himself aside from his *protégé* an interesting study. In the light of him I gained a new glimpse of the remote, peculiar fighting world. It is as if these big fighting-men, with their trained fists, require an element of dominance—as if their queer half-thwarted lives need a strong directing driver, like high-powered cars.

I do not know the supreme manager of all this crowd, Major Wilson, but he must have special qualities of his own, seeing it is his lively task to guide all this difficult traffic through the narrow mazes of public goodwill.

There is nothing irritable or tense about Cook's camp. He works in an atmosphere of protective friendliness, completely boyishly at ease. Lucas took me away for a chat and cup of tea while the lad went off to get his bath and rubbing.

"You don't fuss," I said, gratefully toasting at the fire.

"No need to," he answered, "Cook is a clean liver, and he is happy in his hope."

He told me stories of men and fights; strange battling lore full of male wisdom and technical terms, new to my unlettered ears.

"It'll be like Armistice night again in Sydney when they get the news!" said the axeman of New South Wales, coming in on our chat, groomed and neat. He was gleefully cracking a brace of eggs into a tumbler, his eyes shining at the creature comfort of food after his hard work in the gym.

My mind sped back to the blue sea and sky, the sunshine and the flowers of his native land—that lovely, lonely land, golden with wattle, sweet with honey-drip of eucalyptus blooms.

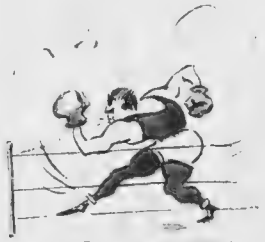
"You will wear the stars of the Southern Cross at the fight?" I asked.

"I'll wear that flag on one side and the Union Jack on the other; we are all British," said the Australian champion.

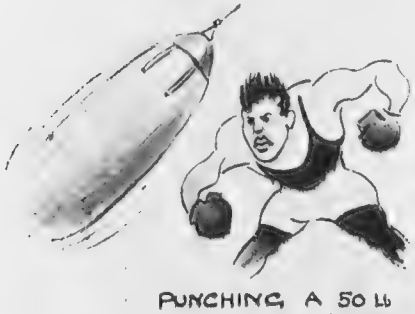
MARION CRAN

"BATTLING, MARCO"
CHEF AND SPARRING PARTNER TO CARPENTIER

GEORGE COOK



GEORGE COOK IS A VERY EARNEST WORKER. HE SPENDS HIS WHOLE AFTERNOON RUSHING ROUND THE RING AFTER IMAGINARY CARPENTIERS —



PUNCHING A 50 lb WEIGHT —

AND SKIPPING AWAY THE GOLDEN HOURS

THE TWO GEORGES

Phyllis Kenwood

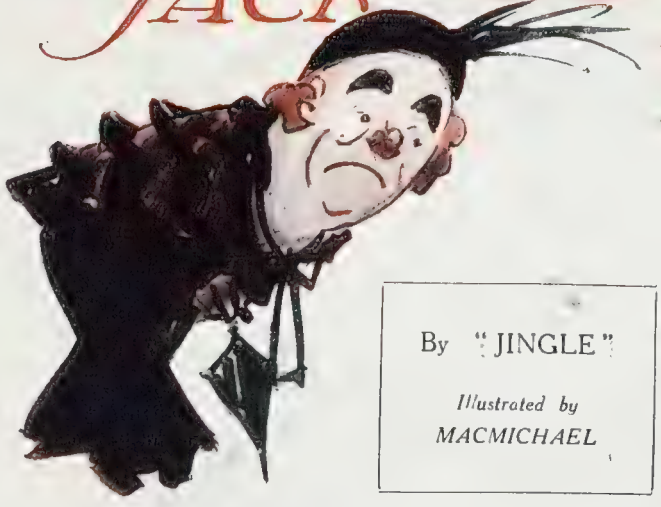
"Sally" in her "Winter Garden"

Photograph *Stage Photo Co.*

MISS DOROTHY DICKSON

Who plays the title rôle in "Sally," the refreshing musical comedy at the Winter Garden, is here seen with the members of the ballet which is a beautiful feature of the piece. Miss Dickson, of course, hails from the States

"JACK" AT THE HIPPODROME



"THE BABES" AT THE NEW OXFORD

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

I. "The Babes in the Wood" at the New Oxford Theatre

THERE is a legend that a truthful man was once asked if he could play the violin. His answer was that he could not say because he had never tried. Mr. Chas. B. Cochran must be a man of that sort. He had never tried to produce pantomime, but as soon as he puts his hand to the work he gives us a pantomime of greater distinction than London has seen for many years. All the old traditions are scrupulously respected, but through them all there runs that little vein of unusual refinement that is characteristic of Mr. Cochran's work. But I suppose after you have been a showman and an organiser of prize fights for the best part of a lifetime you probably do get to know something that the other man has missed. So that now, if *paterfamilias* does not take the children to see "Where the Toys come from." and they get wind of the show from other sources, he may be pretty sure there will be a bit of a fight, and that he will get the worst of it.

THE DOLLY SISTERS

THE Wicked Uncle is played by Mr. Albert Bruno, who would seem to justify the remark of the bard that a man may smile and smile and still be a villain. He is one of the jolliest old sinners you could wish to meet, and, of course, nobody really believes that he wishes the kids any harm. Perhaps it is for that reason that in engaging murderers to do the children in he selects two of the most incompetent men in the trade. Mr. George Hassell and Mr. Tubby Edlin are all right as humorists,

(*Continued on page 80*)

Dan Cupid's Ne

"CIGARS AN

ew Year Show

BY H. H. HARRIS

D K'NUTS"

but they do not appear to know the rudiments of a good sensational murder. When the critical moment has come they try to evade the messy part of their job by offering the children rat-poison, or something fatal like that. The traditional duel between the two, of course, takes place, but the brisk sword-fighting, which is uproariously funny, gradually degenerates into a Highland reel for two. It then becomes clear to Mr. Tubby Edlin that the sword-play must end sooner or later in a draw, and as a plain, practical man, therefore, he just does the plain, practical thing. He picks up a navvy's hammer and hits his rival on the head, thus settling the question of superior skill once and for all.

JENNIE and Rosie Dolly are something more than charming as the Babes, named on the programme as Douglas and Mary. (I understand that these are the names of two people in real life associated with what is known as the "film" industry. It may well be so.) The Dolly Sisters play the weepy end of their parts with a nice restraint, especially at the point at which they are about to be covered with leaves by the robins. But in their lighter scenes they are quite daintily funny. There is a nice rich humour in the idea that when they learn that they are to be killed they refuse to be a party to any such frivolity. They absolutely decline to be murdered; and it looks for the moment as if someone will have to go and fetch the prompter to explain to the ladies that they cannot be allowed to trifle with a time-honoured legend in this way.

BUT the rich, fruity humour of the show is provided by Mr. A. W. Baskcomb as an elderly dame of the name of Louise, who is engaged as governess to the Babes, and afterwards does her best to protect them. Mr. Baskcomb's song, "There You Are, Then!" is already, I believe, among the immortals; and from first to last there is a mellow quality about his fun which connoisseurs will recognise as the real thing. *The Babes in the Wood* is an ideal entertainment for the children, and their middle-aged uncles, and, while interesting and enjoyable from first to last, it strikes a rather higher note in pantomime than is usual, a detail that will be attractive to all who have the responsibility on their hands of the very young and green.

II. "Jack and the Beanstalk" at the London Hippodrome

IN this pantomime Mr. George Robey takes the part of a woman "for the first time in his West End career." I don't know whether you would call him a soubrette, or a Saucy Puss, but there he is, leaving behind him streaks of laughter that seem to dig holes in the atmosphere. He is Dame Trot, the mother of Jack, and one of his earliest outbreaks is the conscientious attempt to milk a cow that is imperfectly constructed for such a delicate operation. Mr. Robey's song, "See What I Mean?—Why, of course!" is alone worth the price of admission, and the Dame's

(Continued on page 82)

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

TALK ABOUT WALKING NIAGARA!

attempt to wring a proposal of marriage from an impecunious King is very choice humour indeed. One of Mr. Robey's happiest scenes is made up of cross-talk with a little lady called Kiddy Kennedy, a child who looks to be about ten years old, and who, I understand, really is the juvenile she looks. For her delight Mr. Robey runs off the little rhyme about Jack Horner who sat in the corner. Kiddy Kennedy is a preternaturally solemn young lady, and it is with a set and almost blank look upon her face that she shows Mr. Robey the ridiculous inconsistencies of the nursery rhyme. If laughter is good for the health, the Hippodrome ought to join the ranks of the other advertising patent medicines. I could give it a testimonial for a start.

THE principal boy is Miss Clarice Mayne, who has a gentle presence for the part, and whose singing has for some years had a wide popularity of its own. Miss Mayne, besides, brings rather more than the usual acting ability to her part, which has probably never before been taken by an actress of such all-round talent. It is a pleasure to recognise this lady's intelligent interpretation of a character that is so often merely insipid and inane. Miss Madge Saunders, as Jack's sweetheart, is another lady of charm and experience, and the result is that when these two are singing duets, as lovers in pantomime sometimes will, the entertainment reaches a very high level of excellence indeed.

MR. JAY LAURIER is a very acceptable addition to the humorous side of the show. His outstanding joke is to dress another performer for a part while the show is proceeding. Thus a grave, and highly qualified gentleman comes on the stage to sing "Bandolero" in ordinary morning costume. This is not to Mr. Laurier's taste at all, and while the song is proceeding in a magnificent and chesty manner he runs off in search of accessories that will give the singer the right kind of atmosphere. As the song proceeds, Mr. Laurier even runs round to the front of the house and sits among us so that he may judge of the artistic effect of his work from the stalls. Every little addition brings laughter and applause of its own, till at the end the morning costume has been transformed while you wait into the fierce get-up of a reckless Spanish brigand.

THE Cow, represented by the Penders, is quite a remarkable piece of work, and acts its part most convincingly. I should think the Penders must be qualified to perform the alleged impossible feat of making a silk purse out of the least likely material. The Penders, later on, distinguish themselves in the Giant industry, and prove very valuable assets to the entertainment. There are many ingenious innovations in the scenery, and some quaint dances by children, which all add to the delight of a most successful entertainment.

JINGLE

"Come, and Trip it as You Go!"

The Uplift

The Swerve

The Steeplechase

The Sleuthy Slouch

The Panther Prance.

The Crawl (very difficult)

BY LAURIE TAYLER

SUPPER DANCE STEPS WHICH EVERY WAITER MUST KNOW

A BLANK CHEQUE &

BY THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS

"They would call that naughty at home"

MES AMIS—

Is it not that the greatest joy of to write the letters is to receive them? I mean that it is the receiver who has the whip end of the stick all of the time. Thus am I in the more delight when to get a letter from *mes amis* because it is I who have to write the most. Well, it is recently that I have sustained the utmost of the surprise. I had not the belief that one has possessed the so great credit. But now I have the surety that the confidence of *mes amis*—to be the more correct, *mes amies*—is supreme. For it is not only that I have received a letter to charm, but also with it a blank cheque made out to my name. It does sound beyond the belief, is it not, in these days of the mistrust and the mishaps? But if there is any of the scepticism I shall ask the Monsieur Asa, who has made the delicious photographs of the Riviera, to take a long-exposure of my cheque. For it is safely ensconsed in a frame. One has not the heart to part from a testimonial of such sort.

OF course, I would not have you to think that it has been intended as an honorarium. Not anything so mundane. It has been a cheque with which to execute a commission. And there has been the additional reward to have a second letter to say that the trustful *amies* have garnered just the delight for which they have sought the aid. It is, perhaps, because of what one has written about the theatres of Paris. There have been two of *mes amies* who have wished to see the spectacles. As they have lived in the far-away north of the English isle they have had the little timidity about a first visit to Paris and a doubt over the choice of the theatre. So they have sought the advice by the post. One has pictured them beside the little table to write, with the Waterman all ready for the task; and the repeated question, "What is to be done about it?" Then suddenly has been the inspiration, which, perhaps, I have the most appreciated, "Let's write to Roland about it." And so one has had delivered the letter by the next post—for in this season of the *étrennes* the *facteur* has the gift to hustle.

THERE has not, *bien entendu*, been the surprise to be asked the advice. When one has been already solicited for the informations about the fashions in the corsets, one is prepared for any sorts of the inquiries. But there has been the unusualness of the blank cheque. It is not many persons who have the habit to receive the blank cheque, except upon the stage. I have not the fear to confess it is the first to me. The little note which has accompanied has explained that the two *amies* would like the stalls at a theatre which I could recommend, if it is not asking a too much favour. Why, of course not. As they have written that they have the particular wish to see an exceptional display of the pretty frocks to the accompaniment of the gay music, one has booked them the seats for the Casino de Paris. And one has had the satisfaction to be informed after the event that it has been just what was desired. One has had the fear that, when to see the performance, they might have been a little shocked and say, "They would call this naughty at home." But there have been not any reproaches of the sort. A great relief. Of course, there is the progress in these matters which one has not realised when one has not paid the visit to England for the long time.

"Let's write to Roland about it"

THERE is just now another of the surprises, but this is not in any degree of the personal. It is that the well-filled cellar can be a source of the sorrow. That has the suggestion of the impossible, *n'est-ce pas?* Yet it is of the most tearfully true. And it has reference to the cellars of champagne, of all the gaiety creating wines! That is the feature to most amaze. One has learned, on the authority the most official, that the cellars of the growers in the districts of the Marne do become so full that there is no spaces to pack in any more. To those persons who have not any interest in the champagne except to drink, it should seem the matter to

CHEERLESS CHAMPAGNE

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN

"With the incomprehensible canvases"

rejoice. And it is not, of course, they who do intone the laments. The dirges have been wailed by the growers. They recall that it is not for the cellars of themselves that they do produce the most joyous wine of all France, but for the cellars of us others. That is most unselfish, is it not? And one would wish to show the appreciation of such thoughtfulness on our behalf. If it should not be for the return compliment which is involved. Which is the price of the nectar. There are two culprits to be blamed for that. One is the profiteers in the *boites de nuit* and the other is the State, which has imposed the *taxe de luxe* of about 25 per cent. It is thus that a bottle of champagne, which has left Rheims at the price of eighteen francs, has arrived to the purchaser in the night café of Montmartre at about ninety. One has the sympathy with the grower. In fact, there is not anyone has so much sympathy with him as the Parisian who has to conduct a party round the Butte, where the champagne is *de rigueur*. But one cannot do much for him if it must involve the purchase of bottles at ninety francs per time. Of course, such figures are not for the Marne champagne, which is the champagne of the *deuxième région*. But it has been just because the champagne of the second-class has been so expensively priced, through the profiteers and the luxury-tax, that one has thought it would be better, when compelled to take at all, to pay the few extra francs for the *premières marques*. And so the champagne of the Marne does remain in the Marne, where it does come to be regarded as so much nuisance.

BUT it does come to be made clear that to drink the champagne, and the more expensive of the red and the white wines, does cease to be the habit. Except on the exceptionalest occasions. And then, of course, the good wine does flow as in the *bon vieux temps de jadis*. One has seen such at the *réouverture* of the Café de la Rotonde in Montparnasse, when the artists have covered up the nice new wallpaper with the incomprehensible canvases. One has heard that they have not been pleased with the washing and the redecoration of the old café. They are said to have preferred it as it was when it used to be the headquarters of Trotsky—in his more human days. Although there shall not in the future be the necessity to sit on the laps of one another for the lack of the space, they are not pleased with the Americanisation by the "grill-room" But still they have consumed uncomplainingly the unrestricted quantities of the champagne which the management has accorded for the celebration. And have even smashed the crockery, which is a favourite method to express the delight.

ROLAND

"The most joyous wine of all France"

Well Away!

Photograph *Horace W. Nicholls*

A charming snow study taken on the famous luge run at the foot of Mont Blanc

THE SNEAK THIEF

A PARABLE BY HILDA BRIGHTEN

THERE was once a woman, and she had a picture. We will call it the Apollo Belvedere; as good a name as another. She thought this picture was the most beautiful in the world. It was not quite that, but her faith and love for it had made it very nearly lovely.

She adored it. More, she foolishly reverenced it. It became something almost sacred. It meant so much to her that she drifted into a fatal error . . . she ceased to talk of it. She imagined that the world, too, must see the beauty of the thing, and that lip praise would be superfluous, and belittling.

She was an idealistic and stupid woman. But she was more foolish with regard to the picture itself. She ceased to tell the picture how wondrous she thought it. And the picture, being less idealistic than the woman, did not understand. It wanted words. And words, the woman thought, would sully the thing she loved. Her adoration was bigger than utterance. It was herself, her heart, her soul.

It was not that she was inarticulate. But words to her seemed a poor, insufficient medium. In effect belittling rather than aggrandising the thing she loved. And so she was silent. And in a fool's paradise, with her picture, that was beyond human frailty.

She was, indeed, a foolish woman! So foolish that she did not realise jealousy or temptation. So, instead of locking up her picture in safety, where she alone might enjoy it, she hung it up for the public gaze. For, she reasoned, the world must be better for looking straight at beauty, and still better when beauty was allied to virtue. And to her, the Apollo Belvedere became incomparable.

Then there came a thief. Not a real burgling thief. The woman was not a coward, she could have fought a big open fight to a fatal finish. But the thief was not that kind, she was just a Sneak Thief. And she stole the Apollo Belvedere. And it killed the woman. Not a mortal death. That would not have mattered, for that way lies peace. But it killed her heart, and her brain. And nearly it killed her soul. It was a cancerous, torturous living death.

The Sneak Thief took the picture, and hung it up. And was flattered by obtaining this prized work of art. And she said she loved it . . . perhaps she did. Perhaps she had not heard (or, hearing, had not understood) the words, "lust of gain, thirst of possession, vanity of achievement." And the Apollo Belvedere knew he must be wonderful, for two women wanted him.

The Sneak Thief looked every day at the picture and was delighted. Then one day it entered her head that by touching it up she might still further enhance its beauty. And so, very carefully, she started to apply her art. Very gently, she put tiny lines of coarseness round the eyes, tiny lines of grossness round the mouth, a little touch of bitterness at the heart, which made a look of disillusion appear in the picture's eyes. She went about her work very delicately, very deftly. Then she stood back and studied what she had done. She thought it a great improvement, and considered herself a consummate artist.

She continued with her work, and skilfully she touched the waistline. She did not exactly alter it, in effect. She merely added a stroke . . . but that stroke suggested sensuality. For a long time the alteration was scarcely noticeable. But the Sneak Thief persevered.

Till suddenly the Apollo Belvedere had grown less fine. Coarser . . . not even that. But if you can use the phrase, less innocent, less clean-looking. The picture was still beautiful, but now merely with the beauty of an animal. But the Sneak Thief was delighted with her possession. Still emphatic in her desire to improve it, she added many coats of the poison paint of flattery. And the Apollo Belvedere, as a picture of beauty, was ended.

(All rights strictly reserved)

Perhaps the world noticed the difference. If it did it only smiled . . . or sneered. It was not very interested. If the woman could have seen . . . well, even she could not have suffered much more. There are not comparative degrees of broken heart.

One day, long, long afterwards, the Apollo Belvedere caught a glimpse of himself in a mirror hanging opposite. He had not looked at himself lately, or, if he had, only through the eyes of the Sneak Thief. The glimpse shocked him. There was something wrong. What was it? It puzzled him, and he brooded. He did not know that broken ideals can mark an effect.

At first he was merely dissatisfied, then he began to worry, and the Sneak Thief continued, and increased her coats of poison paint. But the Apollo Belvedere grew more dissatisfied, and then one day it dawned on him that the Sneak Thief had subtly destroyed the beautiful work of years, and that the Apollo Belvedere was nothing but another Lost Ideal.

And there started to haunt him hatred, and a desire for revenge. Revenge that at the same time might bring annihilation. He reflected that he, too, might be subtle. He was sickened and tired of himself. For he had still retained a little of his soul, and he did not like imperfect things. He thought and thought; and all the time degeneration gnawed and sapped his spirit.

Then an inspiration caught him, and pointed to an opportunity. One day, while gazing into the big, blue, child-like eyes of the Sneak Thief, he decided to wriggle himself free from the hook on which he hung, fall forward, and with his weight crush the Sneak Thief. Self destruction seemed a small price for his vengeance.

Three days later, with a paint brush, and a new and more insiduous paint, the Sneak Thief stood again before the picture. But as she stretched her hand to her work, the Apollo Belvedere shivered and

"THE SNEAK THIEF" (*concluded*)

fell forward. But the Sneak Thief sprang quickly to one side and was untouched, while the Apollo Belvedere, striking against an obstacle of no importance, rent his canvas in two.

The Sneak Thief looked down with surprise and a little sorrow, and said, "What a pity my pretty picture is spoilt," adding in quick self-comfort, "never mind, it was getting a little old, and I would rather like another; one of Hercules, or Mercury, or even . . . "

Just then a young man passed. He was not a Hercules, or a Mercury. Just an ordinary young man. But the Sneak Thief ran to him and stopped him. And with her large, child-like blue eyes, gazed up at him. And she said, "Oh, young man, I am so glad you passed this way. For I am only a woman, and so lonely, and helpless. For I know nothing of life, and its sophistications. I have not even the usual art of graceful walking or beautiful and attractive speech. I am a child, helpless and misunderstood by a hard, cruel world, and oh, so lonely! Won't you, in your manly strength, guide me? With you I might learn so much. You are so wise, so strong, so clever. With you I should feel safe at last."

And the ordinary young man felt flattered and drew himself up. Here was a woman, he thought, who had discovered at a glance all the real truth, so many, so near him, had entirely missed.

And he looked down at the Sneak Thief, and said, "All that you say is true. I will shield you and protect, and teach you, there is much to learn. Let us start at once. But how shall I begin to aid you?"

And the Sneak Thief looked up into the face of the ordinary young man with her large, blue, child-like eyes and said . . . . "First of all will you please help me to move an old picture which has fallen down, and which is in my way?" HILDA BRIGHTEN

Photograph *Marcus Adams*

THE ART OF POSTURE

Three "Morris" dancers, but not in the usual meaning of the term. The ladies depicted above, the Misses Freda Gage, Marie Jones, and Nancy Nicholls are taking part in Miss Margaret Morris' production, "Puss in Boots" at her theatre in Chelsea

IN ENGLAND-NOW!

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM

Blanchette

ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *January* 9

DEAR COUSIN—

RATHER marking time we seem to have been somehow, this last week or so, with not a fearful lot that's exciting going on (except murder mysteries, and things), and a sort of after-the-holidays feeling about everything. And still some traces clinging to us of the "turn of the year," and the celebrations which are (rightly, of course) deemed to be its due.

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STILL, for instance, if you go out to tea with a household where they've got the excuse of even just a single offspring to be amused, you may hear very odd sort of noises as you approach the drawing-room. And find there some perfectly good railway lines laid all over the carpet and tired-looking trains travelling over 'em—about the rate of the best kind of after-War suburban ones, you know. And quite grown-up children quite prepared to show us again and again "how they work." Still, too, strange beasts that Noah never dreamt of make fearful sounds at unexpected moments, and little celluloid creatures of bright and varied hue are mysteriously discovered floating in one's bath . . .

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AND not quite died down yet, either, our (as usual) p'raps rather superior comments and controversies about the new honours that have (as usual) somehow fallen mostly to the lot of ex-mayors and butter merchants and people "for their services to the country"—not to mention any such mere paltry matter as contributions to the party funds and all that sort of thing.

"New honours that have fallen on the ex-mayors and butter merchants"

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IS not it a joy to think that at last Sir Gerald and Sir Charles have got the recognition they have so long merited, as the leader-writers would say? Though, while they were about it, why not also, I wonder, Sir Cyril? True, darling Mr. Maude mayn't ever have sent wonderful big cheques to charity or swum the Channel or walked a tightrope, or anything exciting like that. But still, he *does* rather represent the stage, doesn't he, not to mention Eton and all that sort of thing? And did quite a lot of propaganda and things in the U.S.A. *pendant la guerre*, too.

"Said she having just paid her income tax"

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AND, by the way, while we *are* about it as afore-said, why not, oh please, why not Sir Owen Nares? And Sir Oscar Asche? And Sir Godfrey Tearle? And Sir Nelson Keys? After all, they're all almost as serious dramatists, I mean, actors, as Sir Charles, or any of our other theatre Knights. Sir Owen . . . for whom every right-minded flapper *schwärms*. Sir Oscar . . . the idol of all of us who love great big strong men with great big muscular chests (on view nightly and at matinées, no extra charge). Sir Godfrey . . . the most fascinating of lovers. And Sir Nelson . . . quite the cleverest *and* most lovable little comedian on the stage.

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TALKING about dramatists, though, it *is* rather odd, isn't it? that the people who act get their look-in all right, but somehow the ones who write hardly ever seem to slip into the list—even when it's plays they do. How about Sir Somerset Maugham, Sir John Galsworthy, Sir John Drinkwater, and Sir Walter de la Mare next time . . . instead of a few of the retired railway magnates and margarine millionaires? Though no honours list's ever really properly complete till you know who's refused titles as well as who's accepted 'em, what?

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded)

Do seem now, though—to go back to what I was really talking about—to be in for a general shake-up and revival of all sorts of activities, we do here in London now. Not merely in the social way, either, I mean. Once more that General Election cry's began to go round, and they even do talk about its going to happen before the end of this very month as ever is. Though that would be *some* hustling, wouldn't it? for our politicians-in-chief now gaily sunning themselves on the Riviera or busily skating and ski-ing and getting photographed at St. Moritz.

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WOULD be more absorbing even than Ireland, wouldn't it? and put into the background—'cept, of course, for election purposes—such thrilling topics as how to tame Sinn Feiners *and* Ulsterites all at once, and Lord Curzon's woes and worries in Egypt, and all the trouble about France wanting ten thousand (or is it million?) more tons of submarines than her share. Greatest sensation we've had since the . . . yes, I *will* mention it again just for once, though it's so out of fashion . . . the Great War.

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EVEN the German bands have come back, by the way (not to mention the superior kind of Hun music-makers who play indoors)—so it must have happened a very, very long while ago. Just a few of us still remember it, but we try and remember it in silence now if we can, even at this, the most memory-raising time of the year.

"Saw 1922 in at the Hyde Park Hotel"

THINGS social, too, begin to revive a bit from now on, even if many of us are still abroad or in the country (where hunt and county balls are right at the top of their swing), and the Court won't be back (bar accidents) till the end of the month. And hardly are our New Year revels over—perfectly

"The Chelsea Arts Ball"

lovely dance and supper it was that saw 1922 in at the Hyde Park, by the way—when the round of big dances for charities and things has started in again.

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AND less than a month from now—Feb. 8, to be exact—there's to be *the* super-revel of the year in the shape of the Chelsea Arts Ball, which you can always feel quite sure'll be a red-hot success, even if all the other shows are a frost. This time it's to be a "Brighter London a Hundred Years Hence" ball—which sounds very nice and pleasant. But it doesn't really matter much what you *call* a dance, does it? Point is that at this one all the cheerful people in London roll up, and anyone who *does* arrive feeling a bit gloomylike will probably be found, by the end of the night (or morning), dancing—

The nine-step, the ten-step, the eleven-step—

(or more) as the fascinating Widow Twankey sings in that brightest of pantomimes, *Aladdin*, at the Palladium.

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WHICH, by way of contrast, I assimilated (as the patent food ads. say) one day last week within a few hours of that oh-so-different kind of fantasy, *Prunella*, at the Everyman Theatre, in Hampstead. Exquisite always, even on this rather tiny stage, is the half-whimsical, half-tragic little episode of Pierrot and Pierrette, with its haunting lines about—

"Little bird in your nest—
Are you there? Are you there?"

A little gem in a bandbox. But the panto. in the great big Palladium, with Lorna and Toots Pounds and the rest gaily and tunefully bouncing about, has its own rich and rollicking delights, too.

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IT takes all sorts to make a world, on the boards and off, doesn't it?

With love, yours ever, BLANCHETTE

Hicksographs

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK *AND* GEORGE ROBEY

Depicted herewith Hicksographically as "The Old Gentleman's" old lady—Mrs. Mephisto, up from below on a busman's holiday, to warm up pantomime with good new-fashioned old-fashioned fun

"THE FUN OF THE FAYRE" By Victor Hicks

Alfred, The Great Lester, not all the fun of the fayre, but fifty percentage. Herewith singing "A Little Germ is going to get you someday." An infectious lyric that causes a guffaw epidemic throughout the audience. The rest is a Cochran Cocktail of colour, comedy, and charm

HUNTING

BY A.

Photograph *Sport and General*

WITH THE PEMBROKESHIRE

Mrs. Evans, wife of Major Evans, and Mrs. Kenneth Walker, the wife of the secretary, at a recent meet of the Pembrokeshire at Camrose Vicarage

Photograph

HUNTING WITH

Mrs. Evans and Capt. J. F. A. Lewis hound

A Check

At the moment of writing the countryside is in the grip of a severe frost, and hunting is suspended almost everywhere. Well, we cannot grumble. Up to the time of this check it was a very open winter, only an occasional day having been lost through frost or fog since the start of the season. The quality of the sport has been curiously varied, for while you hear complaints of bad scent and unfavourable conditions in practically every hunting country, the fact remains that there have been plenty of first-class days. Just before the frost the Pytchley were in great form following their meet at Scaldwell. The pace of their gallop from Old Poors Gorse was something to be remembered. It was a regular steeplechase for half an hour, well calculated to test the mettle of the best of the Pytchley horses.

The Bicester

Some excellent sport was seen with the Bicester after Christmas, including a seven-mile point which will compare well with many of the best achievements of the season. I can readily understand that the Bicester people are dismayed at the prospect of losing the services of their Master, Major J. P. Heywood-Lonsdale. For twenty three seasons they have been fortunate in enjoying his tactful and popular leadership, and everybody recognises that it will not be easy adequately to fill the gap which is caused by his resignation. Prince Henry is among those who have ridden fairly frequently with the Bicester this season. He takes his own line and goes markedly well. Few countries in these days can boast of being as free from wire as the Bicester, which carries a good scent as a rule, and is a decidedly pleasant hunting region.

Coming Changes

This is the time of the year when many Hunt Committees find themselves under the necessity of looking for new M.F.H.'s. It is inevitable that there should be a certain number of changes every season, and no alarm need be occasioned if the present list of resignations begins to assume formidable dimensions. A year ago we were wondering where all the new Masters were to come from. But practically every vacancy was satisfactorily filled before the close of the season, and so it has been all through the history of foxhunting. Not far short of a century has elapsed since "Nimrod" infused considerable gloom into one of his articles because several of the big countries in the Midlands happened to fall vacant simultaneously. He thought it portended the approaching doom of the sport.

Photograph *Photo Press*

MEET OF THE H. H. AT HOCKWOOD HOUSE

Hockwood House, the seat of Marquis Curzon of Kedleston, was the meeting place of the Hampshire Hunt last week. On the steps of Marquis Curzon's Hampshire home, from left to right: Lord Curzon and Lady Curzon, Major Bovill, M.C., the Master, Mrs. Ambrose Dudley and Miss Marcella Duggan

Still Going Strong

A famous huntsman once said that "canals would be the ruin of hunting," and pessimism was rampant when railways stretched their tentacles in every direction. But hunting has had many more serious difficulties than these to contend with, and looks like surviving them all for many a long year. A problem to be faced in the immediate future is the bad times which have fallen upon agriculturists. Dwindling prices and the high cost of labour are a source of considerable anxiety to farmers, and it behoves hunting people to be more than ever careful to avoid aggravating the trouble. Crops are very forward this season, and every precaution should be taken not to damage maiden seeds and wheat. One practical manner in which fox-hunters can help is to make a point

NOTES

COATEN.

Sport and General

THE PEMBROKESHIRE

honorary whip, taking an early jump, with in full cry

Photograph *Sport and General*

SIR FREDERICK MEYRICK

With his only son and two younger daughters, Rachel and Violet, at Castle Square, Haverfordwest, where the Pembrokeshire met recently

of buying all their forage and farm produce in the district in which they are privileged to enjoy their sport.

Vacant Countries

Among resignations recently announced are those of Mr. W. B. Danby and Lord Charles Bentinck in the Burton country, where the latter is huntsman as well as Master. There are some great fox-hunting names on the roll of Burton M.F.H.'s, notably Assheton Smith, Lord Henry Bentinck, and Lord Chaplin. They ruled, however, before the time when the Burton country was split up and the Blankney came into existence. Sir William Austin is giving up the Suffolk pack, while Mr. George Fitzwilliam, who for so many years has carried on the traditions of his family in the Milton country, is losing his partner in the Mastership, Mr. Stanley Brotherhood. A. W. C.

Photograph *Poole, Waterford*

LORD AND LADY ERNEST ST. MAUR

An excellent snap-shot, taken at a meet of the Tedworth Hunt, of Lord and Lady Ernest St. Maur, of Wilcot Manor, Marlborough. Lord Ernest St. Maur is heir presumptive to the Dukedom of Somerset

Photograph] THE QUEEN OF NORWAY AND THE M.F.H. *[Topical Press*

The Queen of Norway, who is staying with Queen Alexandra at Sandringham, attended the meet of the West Norfolk pack when they met at Crimston Road Station, near King's Lynn. The Queen is seen chatting with Lieut.-Colonel Seymour, the Master

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Overheard at the Meet

At a recent town-meet of the Essex and Suffolk pack I overheard one of those big-throated, blundering busybodies telling adjacent friends just what really happened after hounds got into open country. "Of course, I've hunted a good bit," he said, "and to tell you the truth there isn't much in it. You see, all that happens is, that when they get out into the open fields the Master lets the fox out of a bag, and they run after it." I should imagine he was one of those ardent followers who hunt on a bicycle, heavily spurred, and wearing a pink tie.

COURSING AT DOWNTON

Viscount Folkestone, Mr. Walker, the judge, and Mr. H. Sawtell, the President, at the Avon Valley Coursing Club Meeting at Downton, near Salisbury

RACING NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

A Curious Record

"CUB" KENNEDY firmly believed that in Milesius he had bred another Tetrarch. "What will you take for him?" he was repeatedly asked after Milesius's success at Ascot. "I'm not selling," said that mercurial Irishman. Even offers up to £20,000 were declined. Mr. Kennedy believed it would be worth his while to keep the colt for service at his stud farm. Imagine his keen disappointment, then, when Milesius developed a will of his own and declined to do his best on the racecourse. The grey had a shocking career on the flat as a three-year-old, and was, apparently, not worth a twentieth part of the sum that he would have commanded at one time. His victory at Kempton Park over Senhora and others placed him in a new light. A course of hurdle-racing might easily make him a reformed character.

Congratulations

I HOPE I am not too late to offer my congratulations to Sir James Buchanan, Mr. Joseph Watson, and Mr. Francis Willey upon their New Year honours. They are all good supporters of racing, particularly Sir James, to whom the Turf owes much for his generous support for a quarter of a century. His luck in racing has never been quite commensurate with the great efforts he has made to breed or buy horses of the best stamp, though Epsom Lad did him some good turns many years ago. I think the best horse Sir J. Buchanan ever had was Hurry On. It was a pity he was running during the grim War years. For that reason the performances of this undefeated horse have never quite received the credit to which they were entitled.

Manton's Owner

MR. JOSEPH WATSON is one of the latest meteors of the Turf. Not many racing people had heard of him when he bought up the Manton training establishment and the surrounding farms, and it was a relief to know that Alec Taylor was to continue there as his tenant. Then the trainer bought yearlings for his new landlord, and you know the notable success which attended those purchases when the test of the racecourse was applied. Love-in-Idleness and Lemonora were among them, winners respectively of the Oaks and the Grand Prix. Not a bad start, eh? The new peer will breed most of his own racehorses in future. Mr. Francis Willey is the father of Colonel F. V. Willey, the Master of the Blankney Hounds, and both are sportsmen of the best type.

Photographs *Sport and General*

AT THE AVON VALLEY COURSING MEETING

Mr. C. Spear, Masters Tom and Charlie Spear, and Mr. G. W. Herne, with Mr. Spear's dog, at the Avon Valley Coursing Club Meeting

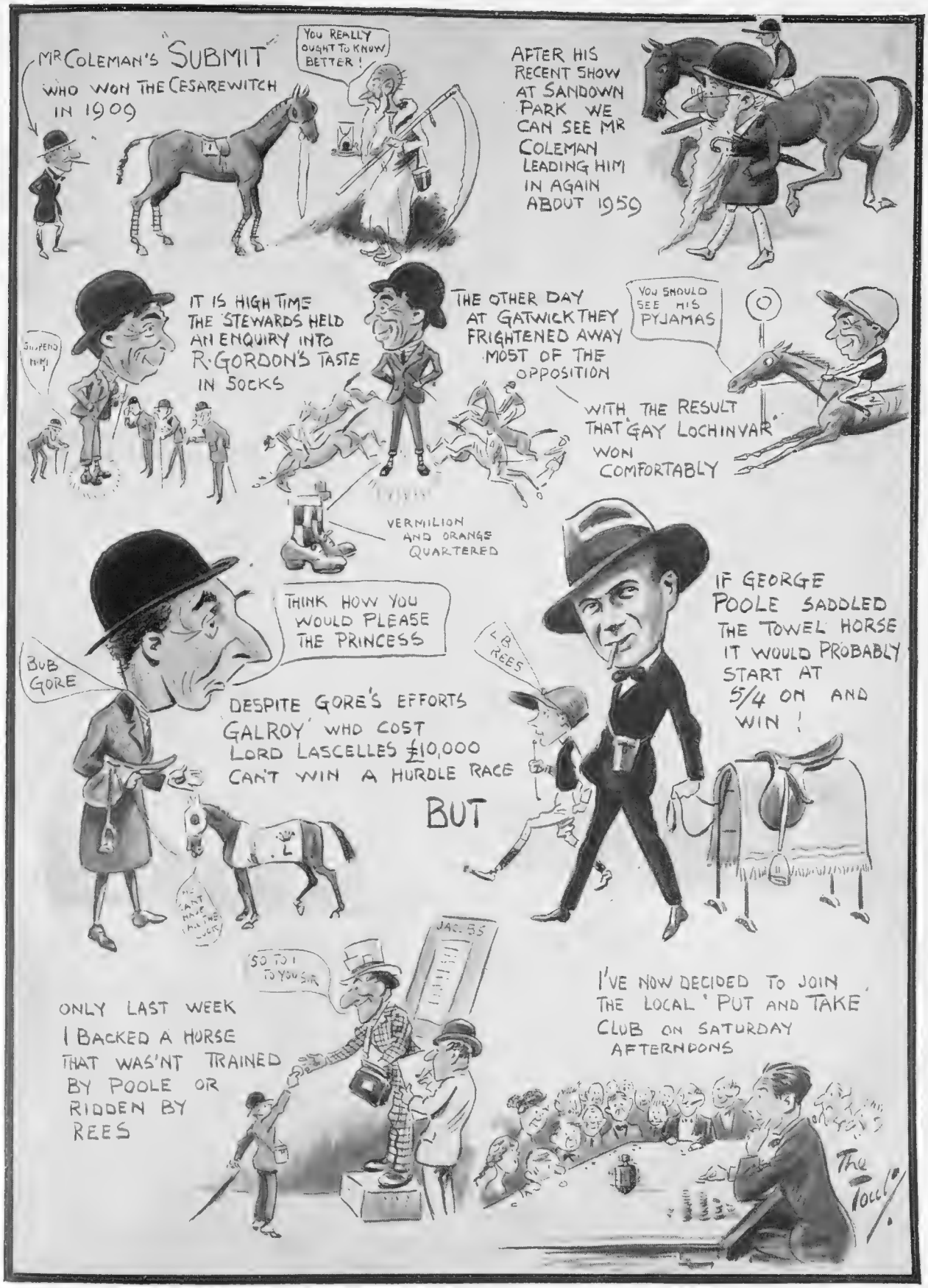
Spring Entries

A SLACK time in National Hunt sport has given us ample time to discuss the entries for the spring handicaps. In point of numbers they do not fall below expectations. All the horses we looked for in these races have been duly engaged, and there is no reason why the events should not prove of average interest. By the way, "The Tout's" page of pictures in this issue will raise many a smile. George Poole he has caught to the life. This young trainer is still going great guns, and hopes to show us that Shaun Spadah can win another Grand National.

At Hurst Park

WEATHER permitting, Hurst Park will probably give us the best racing of the present week. On Friday the New Year Hurdle Handicap looks like bringing out a good field, and if **White Heat** is pulled out under his big weight it will be a very attractive affair. He has an excellent chance for all his burden. A good second string is A.A., who was travelling well when he fell at Kempton Park recently. On the second day the chief event will be the Mitre Steeplechase, in which Shaun Spadah may make his first appearance this season. I make **Garryvoe** my selection.

Over the Sticks



BY "THE TOUT"

PICTORIAL COMMENTS ON WINTER RACING INCIDENTS

Our artist amusingly illustrates some of the lighter features of National Hunt racing, with special reference to the continued success of George Poole, the Lewes trainer

On Snow and Ice 'Midst Lots of Laughter

Photographs] "THIS IS THE BEST WAY" *[Topical Press*

Ninette of the raven locks tows tobogganers to the starting point on the Jullier Pass, near St. Moritz

Photograph *Albert Steiner, St. Moritz*

EXHIBITION RINKING AT ST. MORITZ

The rinks and toboggan runs at St. Moritz are becoming more thickly covered each day as the migration to the land of Winter Sports continues. A smiling snapshot (inset) of competitors in a snow shovel race

Photograph *Sport and General*

A GOOD COLLAR

The Rosslyn Park Public Schools entirely overwhelmed the Edgware Public Schools at the Old Deer Park, Richmond, last week. Although the Edgware boys managed to keep the score down in the first half, in the second, with the wind against them, they were finally beaten by 34 points to nothing

Sports & Pastimes

DANGER IN SPORT

A Fantastic Proposition

In a recent issue of a contemporary, Mr. A. E. Crawley discusses the question what are the most dangerous games and sports, and gives a list of a dozen games and sports in their order of danger. It will probably be news to a good many people that bob-sleighing on an ice-run is (according to Mr. Crawley) the most dangerous sport in the world, and that tobogganing comes second. But the real surprise occurs when we come to the third place which is allocated to hockey. In other words Mr. Crawley would have us believe that hockey is the most dangerous of all ball games.

What is Meant by "Dangerous"?

In support of this proposition, which is so fantastic that it is difficult to take it seriously, Mr. Crawley advances very little in the way of argument, and what there is of it is futile. He talks, for instance, about hockey being dangerous "when badly played." But why should a game be visited with the sins of those who do not know how to play it? Is swimming to be blamed if a bather who cannot swim happens to get drowned? Then, again, Mr. Crawley's definition of "dangerous" seems to be a peculiar one. He says that "for bruises on leg and ankle, body bumps and face-slicing" (whatever that my be), hockey is the most dangerous of games. I doubt very much whether injuries of this type occur more frequently in hockey than in football or cricket, but even assuming that they do is the dangerousness of a game to be measured by its "bumps and bruises"? Surely when you talk of a game as being dangerous you mean that it involves a risk of disablement which, even though temporary, lasts for an appreciable time. Such risks are undoubtedly incurred more often in football (both Rugby and Association) than in hockey.

Flights of Fancy

It is a well-known fact that men who for business and family reasons cannot afford to risk getting "crocked" play hockey in preference to football. This is in itself a sufficient indication which is the more dangerous game, in the accepted sense of the term.

Photograph *Central News*

A RECORD BREAKER

Tom Newman photographed while playing Falkiner in the London Tournament. In the course of the match of 16,000 points up, Newman made some exceptionally fine breaks

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE STAFF COLLEGE HOCKEY XI

The First XI of the Staff College, Camberley, who have been playing with average success this season. Back row (left to right): Major R. D. Inskip, Capt. H. V. Lewis, Major T. R. Eastwood, Major R. J. Brett, Major J. V. de la Haye, Sq. Leader D. C. S. Evill, Lieut.-Col. W. K. Venning (Referee). Front row (left to right): Major A. H. H. Muir, Lieut.-Col. R. J. Collins, Lieut.-Col. W. D. Barber, Lieut.-Col. C. G. Liddell, Lieut.-Col. P. Neame

Again, hockey is a game which women are able to play quite well, but football, because of its roughness and danger, is wholly unsuited to them. Mr. Crawley's flights of fancy cannot, in short, prevail against hard facts.

Golfing Dangers

WHETHER the Committee of the Royal and Ancient Club will appreciate the compliment paid to golf by including it in the list is a moot point. It manages to squeeze into the last place next below lawn tennis; but I am sorely afraid that if you spoke of golf as a dangerous game to a cricketer or a footballer—or even to a golfer—he would burst out laughing.

Photograph *Topical Press*

A VERY "LONG" EVENT

The All India Athletic Sports, held at Bombay last month, provided some excellent sport, and Bandsman A. E. Perkins, of the 3rd K.R.R.'s, made a record jump of 19 ft. 3 in. in the long jump, which he finally won

SCHOOLBOY CHAMPIONSHIPS

The Headmasters' "No"

THE Headmasters have probably made themselves very unpopular in certain quarters by deciding, as they did at their conference last week, against any increase in the number of school championships. Yet to those who realise the duties and responsibilities which are involved in a Headmaster's job the decision will hardly come as a surprise. It was evoked by a proposal emanating from the Achilles Club to hold a Public Schools' Relay Race in London in the spring, which was supported by Mr. B. G. D. Rudd, the eminent Oxford athlete, who attended the conference as an emissary of the club.

Photograph *L. N. A.*

RUGGER AT RICHMOND

The Old Deer Park at Richmond last week was the scene of much interesting play, and augurs well for the future of our Rugby. We picture a mid-field struggle between a Rugby and Cheltenham combination and a fifteen from other public schools, who were defeated by eleven points to three

A Weak Case

WHEN asked what particular object the Club had in view in wishing to promote such a race, Mr. Rudd could only say that it was hoped thereby to assist in raising the standard of English athletics at the Olympic Games and in other International encounters. Headmasters can hardly be blamed for refusing to treat such an object as one of paramount importance in the education of a schoolboy. They are fully aware of the value of sport as part of a boy's education, but their main object is to teach him how to become a healthy and useful citizen rather than a winner of international championships.

Evils of "Limelight"

MOREOVER, we cannot ignore the emphasis laid by one headmaster after another on the evils of publicity—of allowing boys to be so much in the limelight that they come to attach less importance to what they can do than to the notoriety which they achieve by doing it, with the further consequence that they soon come to regard winning as the only thing that matters—a most deplorable state of mind for a young athlete.

Exploded Fallacies

APART from all this one cannot help wondering whether the Achilles Club's plan, even if the headmasters had smiled upon it, would have achieved the wonderful things that were expected of it. The belief that the institution of championships necessarily leads to the production of champions is one that was exploded long ago. Another thing which is extremely doubtful is whether in the long run you produce the best athletes by catching them young and subjecting them to a sort of intensive training instead of allowing them to come to maturity in the ordinary course of nature. Have we not had of late several instances in sport of boy *phenomena* who have gone off instead of training on? H. S. S.

NEXT WEEK!

THE BYSTANDER

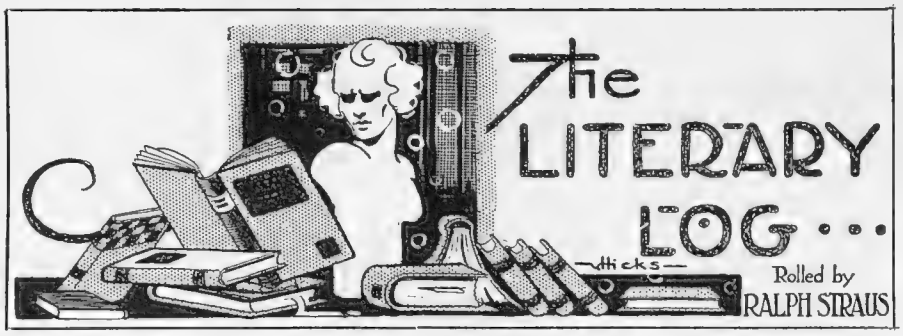
SPECIAL WINTER SPORTS No.

On Sale January 18. ONE SHILLING.

BUCHANAN'S SCOTCH WHISKY

"BLACK & WHITE"

The Largest Stocks of old matured Scotch Malt Whisky are held by James Buchanan & Co. Ltd. and Associated Companies, which enables them to maintain their pre-War standard of age and quality.



ONE of the most unusual first novels of recent years was Mr. Norman Davey's *The Pilgrim of a Smile*. It was a difficult book to follow, even by a man like Davey, who is a scholar, a poet, and—of all unlikely things in the world—an expert in gas-turbines, whatever they may be. And *Guinea Girl* (Chapman and Hall: 8*s*. 6*d*. net) is not the little masterpiece which many people considered its predecessor to be. For all that it is a most likeable book, with a French lady, not of the *monde*, who plays at being a Countess, and a young and not too virile Englishman, who plays at being her husband, for the protagonists.

⁂

THE story is light enough. Paul Bellamy, after finishing a not too glorious career in the Army, has little enough to do, and when the story proper opens is doing it at Monte Carlo. Mademoiselle Yvonne Quesnoy is very beautiful, and, according to a waiter who knows such things—what waiter doesn't?—*elle cherche sa fortune*. With a little help from Paul, she scoops in vast numbers of francs at the tables, and away the two go to a nice little southern spot, and pretend, as I have said, to be what they are not. All most amusing, particularly when they are found out. And it is quite right and proper that whereas the beautiful Yvonne marries the one man at all worthy to take such a prize, the backboneless Paul at the end of the book is repeating his adventure with somebody else not quite so *chic* as herself.

⁂

THE actual story, however, does not matter so much. It is Mr. Davey's style, his quaint pair of eyes which see things, and his pen which writes them down, in the purely Daveyan manner, and his almost swashbuckling, cosmopolitan air, which lifts up a somewhat commonplace tale high above most of its fellows. Mr. Davey might be as outrageous as he liked, and you would enjoy him, even though you happened to be—which, of course, you are not—the most respectable spinster ever born to sit on a Vigilance Committee. Time will show just what he can do. At the moment I fancy that he will make secure his reputation with the short story rather than with the novel, but about that we shall have to wait and see. Meanwhile he has two jolly books to his credit, to say nothing of that erudite work on gas-turbines.

⁂

IT is possible that Mr. Wilfrid Ewart's novel, *Way of Revelation* (Putnams: 7*s*. 6*d*. net), may prove to be the outstanding book of 1921. It is a big piece of work for a young man, not too familiar with his technique, to have done, and if *Sonia* had never been published, and Mr. Ewart's book had appeared at a time before most people had determined to forget the War, it would have created the most extraordinary sensation. As it is, *Way of Revelation* is a book of the greatest interest, and recreates a period which for all time will stand by itself. And yet, for all its vast canvas, it is possible that Mr. Ewart has covered too narrow a strip of ground. He is content to show but a small portion of London, that portion, indeed, which Mr. McKenna has aptly called the Sensationalists. True, his scenes of a war-swept France are unforgettable, as are also the scenes of gilded fashion at home, but there is little enough of those humbler folk, whose lives during the War altered to so inconceivable an extent.

⁂

THE chief character is one Sir Adrian Knoyle, a Guardsman (like his author), whose life during those five years is a double hell. The Lady Rosemary Meynell, with whom he is for so long in love, is charming, no doubt, but she is not of the stuff of which your true heroines are made. And yet, I suppose, Knoyle himself is not the real hero of the book. It is his friend, Eric Sinclair, who occupies that position, the do-nothing Eric who, when war comes over the horizon, shows what can be done by a man with a sense of duty.

⁂

TAKEN as a mere story, then, this first novel is unusually good. Taken as an interpretation of London society in wartime it is little short of amazing. There are queer little tricks of style, not all of them likeable, from which Mr. Ewart's future books will probably be free; and it may be that he could have made several cuts with advantage. Nevertheless, *Way of Revelation* is a big thing, perhaps the biggest thing of its particular kind which has yet appeared, and, shining through its five hundred pages is a true artist's vision and power. R. S.

Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

MR. NORMAN DAVEY

Whose latest book, "Guinea Girl," is reviewed on this page

OBITUARY

Mr. Claude Shepperson, A.R.A.

WE very much regret to record the death of that well-known artist, Mr. Claude Shepperson, A.R.A., whose black-and-white and water-colour work had become such a favourite feature of contemporary periodicals. After only three weeks' illness he died at his house in Mulberry Walk, Chelsea. He was fifty-four years of age. Educated privately, he was intended for the law, but determined instead to study art, and he worked for some years in Paris and London. His early work showed a keen appreciation of landscape beauty, which he interpreted with effective and broad treatment. His later work, illustrating principally some amusing phases of London life, was still greatly influenced by his strong appreciation of decoration and movement. Perhaps the last work from his brush was reproduced in *Pears' Annual*, a striking piece of colour work, entitled "Scheherazade."

Rowe Sailor Overcoats.

A LONGER Coat than the Reefer, with ample freedom, and a substantial sturdy Garment for cold and inclement weather. Gilt or Black Regulation Buttons at choice. To fit Boys or Girls of 3 to 10 years.

In Heavy Naval Serge - - 63/-
In Indigo Nap - - - 90/-
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WM ROWE & CO., LTD

78 High Street, GOSPORT.
106 New Bond Street. LONDON W.1

Makers of Sailor Suits to H.M. The Queen.

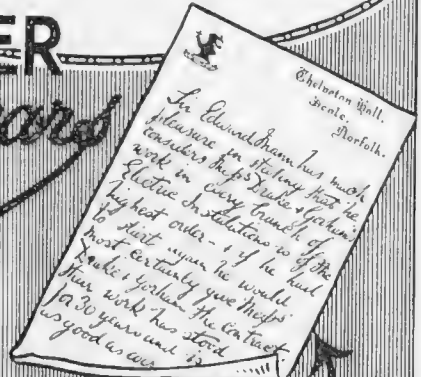
The Reputation

OF A FIRM IS ITS GREATEST ASSET

The Company claims to provide the best ELECTRICAL WORK, which will prove the cheapest in the end—on the lowest practicable margin of profit. See attached, which is a fair example of letters constantly received.

Where desired DEFERRED terms of PAYMENT can be arranged.

AFTER 30 Years



DRAKE & GORHAM LTD.

ENGINEERS DEPT.
36, GROSVENOR GARDENS, LONDON, S.W.1.
29, PICCADILLY, MANCHESTER.
68, GORDON ST., GLASGOW.
63, VICTORIA ST., BELFAST.

Food For Thought

BUYING Pearls where one buys a gown is as incongruous as buying a hat where one buys hardware. The beautiful things continue to be purely a matter of specialisation.

Jewellers only for Orientals, and Técla only for genuine reproductions.

TECLA PEARL NECKLACES
with genuine Diamond Clasps, from 10 *guineas*

Técla

7 Old Bond Street, London

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398 Fifth Avenue, New York

Motoring & Aviation

ONE would have thought that respectable town councillors would never dream of trying to bluff the motoring public, yet the Automobile Association discovered recently that at Newport, Salop, ten mile speed limit signs had been erected on all approaches to this town. Upon enquiry it was ascertained that these were entirely unauthorised by the Ministry of Transport. Consequently, the A.A. called that bluff, and now the signs have been removed. Bravo! A.A., and I fancy there are a few more signs of a similar character erected on the roadsides that ought to share the same fate. Motorists might help the A.A. by drawing their attention to doubtful "warnings" when they come across them in the course of their travels. Also, as this is somewhat a slack time of year, a little correspondence would help to brighten things up a bit. Which reminds me that the A.A. has offered £1 reward for information leading to the recovery of the Pyrene fire extinguisher some ruffian has "pinched" from the A.A. roadside telephone box at Ashtead, Surrey. The extinguisher carries the letters A.A. upon it, though I expect the purloiner has long ago effaced those from its case. Anyway it was a dirty trick, as this fire appliance is kept there in case of need, should a car get on fire, and I hope the taker will get well burnt in——well, in hereafter.

* * *

MR. LESLIE WALTON, the chairman of the Vauxhall Motor Company, has set a new fashion in motor-carriages in his special type of limousine that his 25 h.p. Vauxhall is fitted with. It is a closed carriage with an "aeroplane view," which, translated, means that its incurved sides and narrow roof give the passengers the maximum range of view it is possible to get in a car having a permanent top. During lovely weather, such as we have been having lately, ladies do prefer the closed type of carriage for use all the year round, as it makes heavy wraps unnecessary in winter, keeps the dust away, and the glare of the sun in summer. This "Windsor" limousine, which is depicted here, the horizontally sliding windows and abundance of light give all the advantages of the open car and none of its inconveniences, while the occupants can get as much fresh air as they wish at the same time, albeit under their own control. 'Fon my word, 1922 is starting well with this Vauxhall novelty.

THE LATEST VAUXHALL MODEL
The new 25 h.p. Vauxhall "Windsor," fitted with the special "aeroplane view" extensively described on this page

* * *

MR. W. THEODORE CARR, M.P., is lecturing on Saturday next, January 14, to the members and friends of the Cumberland County Motor-Cycling Club at the Crown and Mitre Hotel, Carlisle. Mr. Carr intends to discourse on "Motoring, Ancient and Modern," and, as his lecture will be illustrated by interesting lantern slides, it should draw a very full "house," especially as all motorists, whether car-owners or cycle-owners, are cordially invited to attend the lecture. Mr. T. W. Loughborough, the Secretary of the A.C.U., is to occupy the chair. Which reminds me that the Auto-Cycle Union are to hold their second trial of standard stock motor-cycles on Wednesday, March 15. Representatives of the A.C.U. attend the motor-cycle makers' works, pick out at hazard machines from stock, and these are sealed and run in the trial, so as to demonstrate that the machines the public buy are identical with those taking part in the trial. Quite a good egg in these days of special racing machines and "concert pitch" tuning.

* * *

MOTORING has been honoured in the New Year's List by the baronetcy conferred on Sir Alfred Bird, M.P., and the K.B.E. on Mr, William Malesbury Letts, C.B.E., who now becomes "Sir Billy." Sir Alfred Bird supported motoring in its early days when it most needed it by buying cars when most folk called them "stink pots." Billy Letts deserted driving horses one fine morning to pilot a car down to Holborn Viaduct when the Great Horseless Carriage Company was first started. He had to sit up all the previous night to learn how this mechanical "horse" worked, which shows that courage in tackling unknown difficulties has made him the successful business man he is to-day, managing director of Crossley Motors, Ltd., of Willys-Overland Crossley, Ltd., and of Chas. Jarrott and Letts, Ltd.

* * *

THOUGH flying is steadily progressing, there is a fading away of public interest, due, no doubt, to the generally accepted idea that it's as simple as riding in a tramcar. Anyway, now the Royal Air Force Club has opened the doors of its new premises at 128, Piccadilly, the pilots and observers can gather round the cheerful fire and discuss stunts and other technical points. The new building and its equipment is well worthy of this rising Force, and as a founder-member of the older Royal Aero Club, I wish the new Club long life and ever-increasing prosperity.

OLD HY.

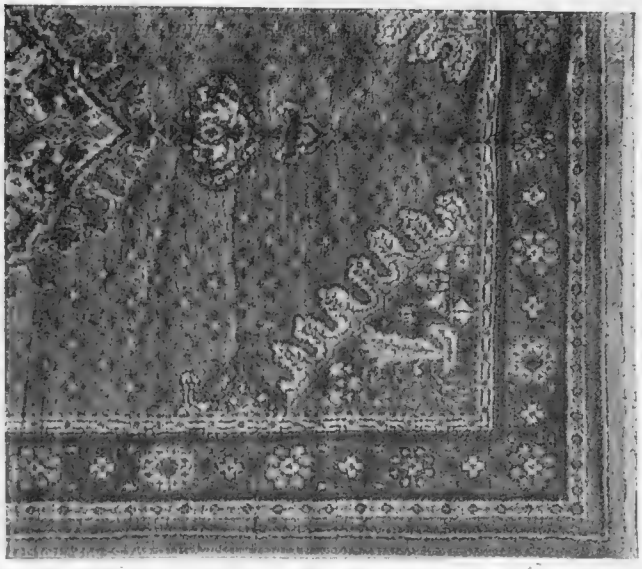
See Illustrated Sale Catalogue, sent free.

TO-DAY and until 28th inst. you can get at

HAMPTONS' SALE

DONEGAL CARPETS AT HALF PRICE.

Number* of Carpets.	Size. ft.	ins.	ft.	ins.	Reduced from £	s.	d.	to £	s.	d.
1.	9	0 x	7	6	20	5	0	10	2	6
1.	9	2 x	8	0	22	1	0	11	0	6
1.	9	10 x	8	0	23	12	6	11	16	3
1.	10	0 x	7	0	21	0	0	10	10	0
2.	10	0 x	8	0	24	0	0	12	0	0
1.	10	0 x	9	0	27	0	0	13	10	0
15.	10	6 x	9	0	28	7	0	14	3	6
1.	10	9 x	9	0	29	0	6	14	10	3
1.	11	0 x	8	0	26	8	0	13	4	0
1.	12	0 x	8	0	28	16	0	14	8	0
19.	12	0 x	9	0	32	8	0	16	4	0
13.	12	0 x	10	6	37	16	0	18	18	0
1.	13	0 x	9	0	35	2	0	17	11	0
1.	13	0 x	10	0	39	0	0	19	10	0
1.	13	0 x	11	0	42	18	0	21	9	0
17.	13	6 x	10	6	42	10	6	21	5	3
1.	13	6 x	11	0	44	11	0	22	5	6
1.	14	0 x	8	11	37	10	0	18	15	0
1.	14	0 x	10	0	42	0	0	21	0	0
9.	14	0 x	11	0	46	4	0	23	2	0
1.	14	0 x	12	0	50	8	0	25	4	0
1.	15	0 x	10	0	45	0	0	22	10	0
1.	15	0 x	10	6	47	5	0	23	12	6
1.	15	0 x	11	0	49	10	0	24	15	0



Lot No. 7. Hamptons bought these fine Carpets at such an extraordinarily great reduction that they are now offering them at actually half to-day's lowest London price. They were all manufactured for special orders but were not delivered. They are all good specimens, deep in pile and evenly woven, **by hand.** For the past twenty years the Donegal Carpet has been well known and has proved itself to be one of the most satisfactory wearing carpets that is made.

Number* of Carpets.	Size. ft.	ins.	ft.	ins.	Reduced from £	s.	d.	to £	s.	d.
15.	15	0 x	12	0	54	0	0	27	0	0
2.	16	0 x	12	0	57	12	0	28	16	0
3.	16	6 x	12	0	59	8	0	29	14	0
1.	17	0 x	12	0	61	4	0	30	12	0
1.	17	0 x	13	0	66	6	0	33	3	0
3.	18	0 x	12	0	64	16	0	32	8	0

DONEGAL RUGS AND RUNNERS.

Number* of Rugs.	Size. ft.	ins.	ft.	ins.	Reduced from £	s.	d.	to £	s.	d.
8.	6	0 x	3	0	5	8	0	2	14	0
4.	7	0 x	4	0	9	0	0	4	10	0
2.	7	6 x	4	6	14	3	6	7	1	9
7.	9	0 x	3	0	8	2	0	4	1	0
6.	10	6 x	3	0	9	9	0	4	14	6
15.	12	0 x	3	0	10	16	0	5	8	0
3.	12	0 x	3	9	13	10	0	6	15	0
4.	13	6 x	3	9	15	6	0	7	13	0

* i.e. How many of that size there are in the sale.

SEE HAMPTONS' ILLUSTRATED SALE CATALOGUE, SENT FREE. PALL MALL EAST, LONDON, S.W.1

Caterers by Appointment to His Majesty the King.

When discussing the Annual Dinner of your Society or Regiment, remember that at the Trocadero each detail, from the floral decorations to the service, is in the hands of an expert; the result is a menage which is a surprise even to the most discerning.

J. Lyons & Co. Ltd., London, W.

Maison Lyons Chocolates

MUCH of the charm of really good chocolates lies in the variety and originality of their centres. There are nearly a hundred different varieties of Maison Lyons Chocolates to choose from, each delightful in flavour. A special preference for hard, marzipan or cream centres is catered for by the great variety in each of these kinds. Maison Lyons Chocolates have achieved their present popularity by their delicate flavour and high quality. Try just a half-pound box and you will no longer wonder why!

The dainty decoration of Maison Lyons Chocolates is indicated by this illustration of the MONTMORENCY. This chocolate has a centre of marzipan, cherry flavoured, and whorls of chocolate on top.

MAISON LYONS CHOCOLATES NOW 4/- LB.

MAISON LYONS CHOCOLATES ARE SOLD BY MOST HIGH-CLASS CONFECTIONERS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

J. LYONS & CO., Ltd., London, W.

Waring & Gillow's
Great January Sale
IN ALL DEPARTMENTS
Now Proceeding. Sale ends Jan. 21
TYPICAL SPECIMENS OF THE BARGAINS OFFERED.

LINENS

70 dozen Irish Hemstitched Linen Huckaback Face Towels, Damask Borders.
37/6 ½-doz. **Reduced to 21/6**

300 pairs Hemstitched Long-cloth Sheets, laundered ready for use. Size 72 ins. by 3 yds.
27/6 pair. **Reduced to 18/9**

Size 90 ins. by 3 yards.
33/9 pair. **Reduced to 23/6**

Exceptional offer 250 doz. hvy. All Linen Double Damask Table Napkins. Size about 26 ins. by 26 ins.
49/6 dozen. **Reduced to 29/6**

350 Irish Embroidered Cotton Bedspreads, size about 72 ins. by 90 ins.
35/6 each. **Reduced to 21/6**

80 ins. by 100 ins.
39/6 each. **Reduced to 25/6**

90 ins. by 100 ins.
42/- each. **Reduced to 27/6**

100 ins. by 108 ins.
47/6 each. **Reduced to 31/6**

The remainder of our stock of Down Quilts, covered best quality down-proof sateen, with insertion border plain. Extra well filled with good quality Arctic Down, wide pouffe borders. Size 6 by 4 ft.
69/6 each **Reduced to 39/6**

FABRICS

30,000 yards. 31 inch Cretonne, in a large range of artistic designs and colourings, printed on reliable cloth.
Originally per yard
2/6½ 2/9½ 3/3 3/9 3/11
Reduced to
1/3½ 1/4½ 1/6½ 1/9½ 1/11½

2,500 yards only 31 in. Shadow Tissue, on light and dark grounds.
5/11 per yd. **Reduced to 2/11½**

Oddments in Ready-made Curtains, made from discontinued designs in Tapestry, Damask, Velvet, Serge, etc., in various sizes, ready for use. To be cleared at half price or less,
From 19/6 per pair.

50,000 pairs of Lace Curtains 5/- to 10/- in the £ below to-day's prices.

Nottingham Net Curtains good designs, reliable qualities 2½ and 3 yards long
Originally, per pair.
11/9 15/9 19/6 23/9 29/6
Reduced to
5/11 7/11 9/11 11/9 14/9

7,000 yds. 50 in. Printed Linen and Tissue in beautiful designs, mostly block printed by hand. Originally per yard
7/11 9/11 11/9 13/9 15/9
Reduced to
3/11 4/11 5/11 6/11 7/11

CARPETS

SAXONY YARN CARPETS
In Turkey Design and Colouring

These Carpets have been made up in various sizes from the balance of a very large quantity of this grade of carpet which was made for abroad. It should be particularly interesting to Hotel Proprietors, Restaurant Keepers, and anyone requiring fine hard wearing Carpets at astounding bargain prices.

604 8 ft. 3 in. by 8 ft. 3 in.
£21/5/0 **Reduced to £9 : 9 : 0**
595 8 ft. 4 in. by 6 ft. 11 in.
£16/10/0 **Reduced to £7 : 10 : 0**
596 8 ft. 10 in. by 7 ft. 3 in.
£26/0/0 **Reduced to £10 : 10 : 0**
603 9 ft. 0 in. by 8 ft. 3 in.
£23/15/0 **Reduced to £11 : 17 : 6**
599 9 ft. 8 in. by 9 ft. 4 in.
£27/10/0 **Reduced to £13 : 15 : 0**
597 10 ft. 4 in. by 9 ft. 1 in.
£29/10/0 **Reduced to £12 : 10 : 0**
602 11 ft. 0 in. by 6 ft. 7 in.
£25 5/0 **Reduced to £12 : 7 : 6**
594 11 ft. 4 in. by 7 ft. 0 in.
£25/5/0 **Reduced to £12 : 10 : 0**
568 12 ft. 3 in. by 7 ft. 8 in.
£30/0/0 **Reduced to £15 : 0 : 0**

In many cases there is only one carpet of each size, and they are offered subject to being unsold according to each day's sales.

1,000 yards Plain **Velvet Pile Carpet.**
12/6 **Reduced to 9/11**

CHINA & GLASS

THE "WARWICK."
A revival of a beautiful old pattern in a soft underglaze blue Staffordshire ware.

DINNER SERVICES.
52 pieces,
£3/9/0 **Reduced to £2:16:6**
67 pieces,
£4/19/6 **Reduced to £3:18:0**
101 pieces,
£9/3/0 **Reduced to £7:17:0**

TEA SERVICE. 40 pieces,
£1/1/0 **Reduced to 17/9**

BREAKFAST SERVICE. 29 pieces,
£1/0/0 **Reduced to 17/-**
Sample Piece 1/6 post free

No. 21. **Dinner Service** in Finest Staffordshire Ware. A charming reproduction of a 16th century Gothic design, 1-inch band in beautiful bright colours, green edge.
52 pieces,
£6/15/6 **Reduced to £5/10/9**
67 pieces,
£9/13/0 **Reduced to £7/17/6**
101 pieces. £15/17/6
Reduced to £12 : 19 : 6
Sample Plate 2/6 post free.

No. 20. **Glass Jugs,** 1½ inch cut band, star bottom, 1 Pint.
5/6 **Reduced to 4/3**
1½ Pints.
7/- **Reduced to 5/-**
2 Pints.
9/- **Reduced to 5/9**
A large quantity of richly-cut crystal Vases, Bowls, and useful articles of all kinds at exceptionally low prices.

SILVER.

3,500 Ivory handle (Square) Rustless Steel Cheese Knives.
43/- ½-doz. **Reduced to 18/6**

WARING A 1 PLATE,
'OLD ENGLISH' SPOONS & FORKS
Table Spoons or Forks, 3/- each
Dessert ,, ,, 2/3 ,,
Tea ,, ,, 1/3 ,,

7 Plated Wine Coolers or Fern Pots, 10 ins. high.
97/6 each **Reduced to 50/-**

12 Plated Rose Bowls, some with coins inserted
10 ins. diameter, 7 ins. high.
78/6 each **Reduced to 35/6**

FURNITURE.

A set of 4 small and 1 arm Oak Dining Chairs, with drop-in seats in pegamoid. An example of good value.
£19:5/- **Reduced to £14:10:0**

Good quality Carved Oak Bedroom Suite, comprising:—3 ft. Wardrobe with bevelled plate mirror to door, interior fitted for hanging; 3 ft. Dressing Table with bevelled swing mirror, fitted 2 spacious drawers; 2 ft. 6 ins. Washstand with marble top, towel rails at sides, usual cupboard below; 2 Cane-seat Chairs. Good workmanship and materials
£35 **Reduced to £27 : 10 : 0**

ANTIQUES.

A 2615. **Sheraton Inlaid Half-Circular Card Table.**
£10 **Reduced to £6 : 15 : 0**

A 2731. **A 7 ft. 9 in. Mahogany Georgian Sideboard.**
£75 **Reduced to £59 : 10 : 0**

A 2916. **Mahogany Bookcase** with cupboards below, 4 ft. wide.
£47:10/- **Reduced to £36:0:0**

A 2871. **Carved and Gilt Mirror.**
£30 **Reduced to £21 : 0 : 0**

A 2852. **A fine Queen Anne Oak Hanging Cupboard,** 7 ft. 6 ins long, with 3 rows of drawers below.
£145 **Reduced to £97:10:0**

BEDSTEADS AND BEDDING

B 683. **4 ft. 6 in. Oak Bedstead,** finished a rich Jacobean shade, with moulded panel in head and foot end and fitted with iron frame.
£7:10:0 **Reduced to £5:15:0**

3 ft. Oak Bedstead, finished rich Jacobean shade, with moulded panel at head and foot end and fitted with iron frame
£6:2:6 **Reduced to £4:15:0**

A limited quantity of shop-soiled Bedding in all sizes and qualities to be cleared at 50% reduction.

There are also thousands of Bargains in Easy Chairs and Settees, Pianos, Lampshades, Ironmongery, Fancy Goods, Clocks, Statuary, Bronzes, and in every other department of this establishment.

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Last Few Days

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All models in Evening Cloaks to be cleared regardless of cost. Usual price from 9½ Gns. **SALE PRICE from 6 Gns.**

All original Paris Models to be cleared at exceptional prices ranging **from £5.**

MARTINI. An example of Gooch Satin Evening Gowns in Rose and Green. The Martini has attractive skirt panels and flowered shoulder straps. Usual price 14½ Gns. **SALE PRICE 11 Gns.**

During the Sale no goods can be sent on approval or exchanged after purchase.

Tube Station: Knightsbridge GOOCHS Ltd *Phone: Kens. 5100*

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WALPOLES' IRISH LINENS
The finest the world produces.

WINTER SALE
THROUGHOUT JANUARY

It is impossible to buy better values than the Sale Bargains mentioned below, sent carriage paid to any part of the British Isles. If a new customer, London references or cash with order will greatly facilitate despatch.

Lot. 8. Pure Irish Linen Pillow Cases.
Made to button. Plain.
Size 20 x 30 ins. Several dozens.
120 dozen, **Clearing Price** 3/9 each.
85 „ „ „ 4/9 „
Much under the actual cost of production.

No. B.G. "Linen Finish" Cotton Sheets. Reliable Quality.

	Hemmed	Hemstitched Sale Prices	
For Single Beds,			
2 x 3 yds.	23/3	25/9	per pair
Ditto, 2 x 3½ yds.	27/-	29/6	„
Double Beds,			
2½ x 3 yds. ..	30/6	33/6	„
Ditto, 2½ x 3 yds.	35/6	38/6	„

Lot 17. Pure Linen Huckaback Towels.
Hemmed.
Size:
24 x 36 ins., **Clearing Price** 29/9 doz.
24 x 39 „ „ „ 32/6 „
Hemstitched.
Size:
24 x 40 ins., **Clearing Price** 39/6 doz.

Lot 7. All-Wool Blankets.
"A Wonderful Bargain."
Extra strong quality. 500 pairs only.
Full Single Bed size.
Clearing Price 25/9 per pair.
To-day's Regular Price, 34/6 per pair.

WALPOLE BROTHERS
(London) Ltd.
175 & 176, SLOANE STREET, LONDON, S.W.1
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Established 1766.

A Boot of supreme elegance French in style & cut but English in finish and durability

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825
In numerous sizes and widths
50/-

The Woman who dares

ANYBODY can wear shoes, but to wear boots requires a woman of character. The decision once made, it is, however, astonishing what freedom in walking, comfortable support and warmth these Lotus Boots give to the ankle. The upper leathers are of finest Patna kid and are as soft and yielding as gloves. No wonder the people in the inner circle of fashion attach so much importance to the wearing of Lotus boots in winter. It is a criterion of all that is of the most "chic." These 825's give tone to a woman's outdoor costume.

Lotus

'PRESIDENT' SOLES.
per pair.
Men's 3/-
Ladies' 2/-
Small Children's 1/3

'PRESIDENT' HEELS.
per pair.
Ladies' 9d. and 1/-
Men's 1/3 and 1/6
FIXING EXTRA.

FROM ALL BOOTMAKERS.

The Soles and Heels may be had separately

"Wonderfully Light and Durable."

Phillips 'President'

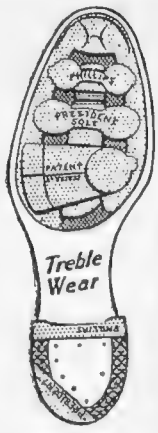
LIGHT RUBBER SOLE

¶ For attachment to light or medium weight shoes. Easily and securely fixed to even a feather-weight pump sole, *new or worn.*

¶ The 'PRESIDENT' Sole is extremely light and very comfortable. Adds enormously to the durability of your shoes.

Absolutely Invisible in wear.

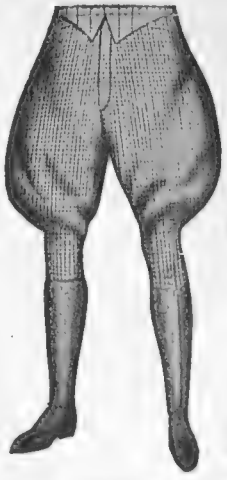
If any difficulty in obtaining, please send your Bootmaker's name and address to Phillips' Patents, Ltd. (Dept. S), 142-146, Old Street, London, E.C 1.



Easily Fixed. Perfectly Secure.

90

RIDING BREECHES



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Corduroy
Cantoon
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TWEEDS

Patterns & Easy Self-Measurement Form per return post.

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From 7 GUINEAS

ESTABLISHED 1844 *TELEPHONE 1680 Museum*

Tailors FREDK. POOLE & CO. *Breeches Makers.*
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GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY

Foster Clark's Cream Custard
THE CREAMIEST CUSTARD
Family Tins 1/1, Packets 9½d., and in small packets.

SEWAGE DISPOSAL FOR COUNTRY HOUSES, FACTORIES, FARMS, Etc.
No emptying of cesspools; no solids; no open filter beds; everything underground and automatic; a perfect fertilizer obtainable.
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Filter Cylinder
SARDINIA HOUSE KINGSWAY LONDON W.C.2.

President:
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£25,000
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NEW YORK SERVICE
By the "O" Steamers
THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET CO.
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For **SCHOOL OUTFITS**
Go to **SAMUEL BROTHERS Ltd.**
Winter Sale now proceeding.
OXFORD CIRCUS W. AND LUDGATE HILL E.C.

MELTIS CHOCOLATE
"It melts in the mouth." (Regd.)
Made by PEEK FREAN in the following varieties:—
"FAMILY" (PLAIN), NUT, MILK, NUT MILK, COCOA-NUT MILK. Also SUPREME ASSORTED CHOCOLATES.

Resolved!

I will get back my health and nerve power by taking——— SANATOGEN regularly!

New Health and Nerve Power

Make the above resolution to-day and keep it.

"*My health benefits by every packet of Sanatogen I take,*" writes the famous war correspondent, **Mr. A. G. Hales.**

Madame Sarah Grand, the famous authoress, writes:

"*Sanatogen has made a new person of me! I am able to enjoy both work and play again.*"

And Sanatogen will make a new person of *you*—you will look well, feel well, and *be* well—there is no doubt about that.

Readily digestible—even in acute illness—highly nourishing—rich in the essential nerve food—phosphorus—Sanatogen forms an ideal tonic nutriment, especially for those suffering from general debility, nervous exhaustion, digestive troubles, and ailments of the stomach and bowels.

SANATOGEN

(The True Tonic Food)

MADE BY GENATOSAN, LIMITED, ENGLAND.

Go *now* to your nearest Chemists, and get a supply of Sanatogen—prices from 2/3 to 10/9 per tin. Take two teaspoonsful twice a day for a few weeks, and note the wonderful improvement in your health.

"THE REVERS."

ROBERT HEATH'S, Ltd., of Knightsbridge, newest Pull-on Cap is the most comfortable ever made for Golf, Motoring, and all sporting occasions. It is reversible, one side being Black Waterproof Velvet, the other Shot Waterproof Silk in various art shades. Tied either under the chin or in a bow. No pins are required as it is absolutely secure fitting and cannot blow off in any weather. From a choice of over two dozen shades of Velvet and Silk, including Rose, Saxe, Amethyst, Tussore, Green, Nigger, Grey, Navy, Cream and White. Price **63/-**

This Cap cannot be obtained elsewhere, its make and quality throughout are exquisite.

The largest stock of exclusive designs in Helmets, Solar Topees and Double Terais in the World. Models particularly suitable for India, Nigeria, Egypt, South Africa, etc.

A selection of any Hats sent with pleasure on approval, on receipt of reference, or cheque will be returned if not approved.

N.B.—Robert Heath, Ltd., have no agents or branches, therefore their well-known hats can only be obtained from the address given below.

To H.M. Queen Alexandra, H.M. the Queen of Norway.

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By Appointmen

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Scientifically Heated Homes

The modern way—the truly scientific way of heating any residence is by means of a central system. The heart of such a system is undoubtedly the boiler, and, provided the radiators and supply pipes are well and artistically placed, a central system of heating is far more efficient and economical than any other method.

JOHN BULL BOILERS

Have been used for a great number of years to centrally heat large or small town and country houses, churches, public buildings, etc. They have been found so trustworthy and such time and labour savers, to say nothing of the added comfort they afford, that no other heating system could now replace them.

Schemes prepared and estimates submitted on receipt of full particulars.

JONES & ATTWOOD, LTD.,
Titan Boiler Works,
STOURBRIDGE.

Dancing in the Palm Court

of the HOTEL CECIL — one of the finest and most elegant ball-rooms in London. The floor is perfect and the Music unsurpassed.

Cecil Dinner - Dances become more popular every day.

Dancing Every Evening from 9—12. (except Sunday).

Address enquiries to the Manager.

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Among the Stetson styles stocked by most hatters are shapes particularly suitable to meet the requirements of the more conservative.

You are sure to see Stetson Hats wherever well-dressed gentlemen congregate.

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Office and Showrooms (wholesale)
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STETSON HATS

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THREE NUNS Tobacco

You frequently hear it said by a bachelor that he is "wedded to his pipe." If he smokes Three Nuns the phrase is readily understood, because, like the ideal wife, this excellent tobacco gives both comfort and inspiration. Married men, too, find in fragrant, cool and even-burning Three Nuns an additional helpmate.

KING'S HEAD

if you prefer a fuller flavour.

Both are sold everywhere in the following packings only:
Packets: 1-oz. 1/2, 2-oz. 2/4. Tins: 2-oz. 2/5, 4-oz. 4/8

"THREE NUNS" CIGARETTES

	10's	20's	50's	100's
Medium	6d	1/-	2/5	4/8
Hand Made	8d	1/4	3/4	6/8

Stephen Mitchell & Son, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd, 36, St. Andrew Sq., Glasgow.

708

A *CAPITAL* RESOLUTION *for the* NEW YEAR:

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THE FINANCIAL TIMES HAS THE WORLD'S BEST SERVICE OF FINANCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

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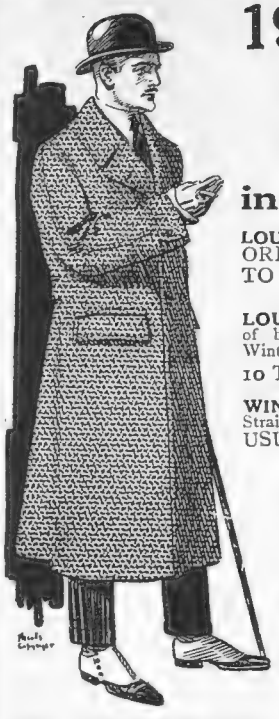
1922 SALE

REMARKABLE REDUCTIONS

in Men's Tailoring



LOUNGE SUITS. READY-TO-WEAR. ORIGINALLY PRICED AT 8 TO 12 GNS. SALE PRICE **4** GNS.

LOUNGE SUITS TO ORDER. Fine ranges of best Scotch Cheviot Spring and Winter Suitings. ORIGINALLY 10 TO 12 GNS. SALE PRICE **6** GNS.

WINTER WARM FLEECE COATS. Straight-hanging Raglan shape. USUAL PRICE 6½ GNS. SALE PRICE **5** GNS.

QUICKSILVER WEATHER-PROOFS. Nicoll's famous Quicksilver proofed cloths. USUAL PRICE, 5 GNS. SALE PRICE **3½** GNS.

DRESS SUITS and Dinner Jacket Suits TO ORDER. Fine West of England Dress Suitings, faced and lined best quality Silks. SALE PRICE **10** GNS. WELL WORTH 15 to 16 GNS.

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AND CO., LTD.

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Bargains

that cannot be repeated

During our great January Sale of Irish Linen we are offering all our standard goods at greatly reduced prices. Many of the offers we cannot repeat at the price after they are sold out.

Bargain List No. 44 T will be sent post free upon request.

We guarantee delivery of parcels to any address in the U.K. and pay carriage on orders of 20/- and upwards.

No. B 141. — Extraordinary value in bleached pure Irish linen Sheets. Size 2 x 2½ yds. Pair **35/11**

Other sizes at various prices.

Great Linen Sale

ROBINSON & CLEAVER LTD

·Linen Manufacturers·Belfast·

Postage and special packing for abroad, 1/6 extra.

HELEN LAWRENCE'S method

KILLS THE ROOTS

of SUPERFLUOUS HAIR, and is different to all other treatment.

NOT A Temporary DEPILATORY. Safe, certain, and NO ELECTRICITY used in this method. harmless to the skin. Please call to-day or send for a sample and start this wonderful treatment in the privacy of your own home.

Sample sufficient for fair trial, post free **2/-**

Full size home treatment - - **12/6**

Personal treatment at Kensington **10/6**

HELEN LAWRENCE 167, Kensington High Street, LONDON, W. 8.

(First Floor) *(Telephone: Western 7141)*

SALE

DURING JANUARY. Laces and Embroideries and Trimming Laces for Lingerie and Baby Linen.

GREAT BARGAINS.

NOW PROCEEDING. Very large reductions made in all Fine Lace Goods and Embroideries.

REAL LACES, EMBROIDERIES, LINGERIE AND BABY LINEN.

400 *pieces of Real Lace to be sold at half the present value.*

An early visit is solicited, or pieces sent on approval.

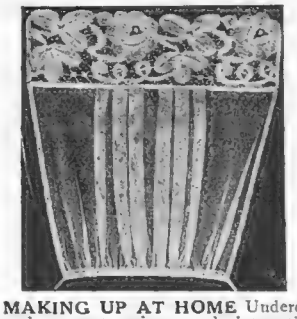
A Large Stock of **REAL BRUSSELS, FLEMISH, FILET** and **IRISH LACE** will be marked at great reductions to clear.

Real Lace Handkerchiefs, Collars, Scarves, Berthes, much reduced. Remnants—Lovely Real Lace at Bargain Prices—**15/-** to **£30** the piece. Embroidered and Fancy Handkerchiefs in half-dozen packets—**13/6** to **35/-** Lengths of Antique Lace from **21/-** to **£50.** Remnants of good Imitation Laces, **2/6** to **35/-**.

MODISTY SLIP FRONTS of various Real Laces reduced prices

8/9 to 25/-

Sent on approval.



Baby Linen, Children's Garments, and Lingerie Gowns All at much REDUCED PRICES.

FOR LADIES MAKING UP AT HOME Underclothing and Baby Garments, we send a most unique and interesting **BOOK OF PATTERNS.** Finest Embroideries, Laces, and Materials which will be found useful and instructive. It is advisable and economical to use only the best materials and trimmings.

EMBROIDERY REMNANTS and Trimming Laces, for Lingerie and Baby Linen—last season's patterns. Send for a parcel for selection. Also Embroidered Flouncings for Babies' Robes and Frocks.

P. STEINMANN & CO., 185-186 Piccadilly, London W.1

Founded 1805.

If they cannot take Cod Liver Oil all Children like

Maltoline

which is the most successful alternative for cod liver oil. MALTOLINE is a nice palatable preparation which promotes increase in weight, robust appearance and general improvement in health. Readily taken by the most fastidious child.

Price **3/-** per bottle.

Supplied by Chemists and Stores.

Send Stamps (Sixpence) for Trial Package to MALTINE MANFG. CO., Ltd., 9(B), Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. 1

SALE of WATERPROOFS

ALL prices reduced.

Special Item—

A Light-weight Real waterproof

29/-

All sizes ready

Rainproof "Slip-ons" from

2 Gns.

Special value.

Ladies' Waterproofs from **35/-**. **ALL** Prices Reduced.

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Elvery's *Limited*

31, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON W.1 One door from New Bond St.

And at Elephant House, Dublin and Cork.

Elvery's Waterproofs have stood the test of years.

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MARK OF QUALITY

THE LONDON SHOE CO Ltd

DAINTY SHOES FOR THE DANCING SEASON

The London Shoe Co. Ltd. has for many years been World famous for evening shoes of every description.

H.B. 2145a

45/-

Ribbons, as illustrated, in Satin, **3/6** extra Tinsel, **4/6** extra

Silk Brocade Shoe, Louis XV heel, in Black, White, Gold, Silver and many delightful colours.

Elesco Satin Shoes, priced from **25/-** per pair, Gold or Silver Tinsel, or Silk Brocade Shoes in a wonderful assortment of colourings from **45/-** per pair, and Sandal and Strap Shoes in many exclusive designs can be supplied.

An exact match to *any* shade can be *guaranteed*, either from stock or by dyeing, at an extra cost of **5/-** per pair.

We are the Pioneers of Shoe Dyeing—so perfect is our process that it is practically impossible to discern that the shoes have been dyed. Send a pattern of your gown. Odd shoes sent on approval.

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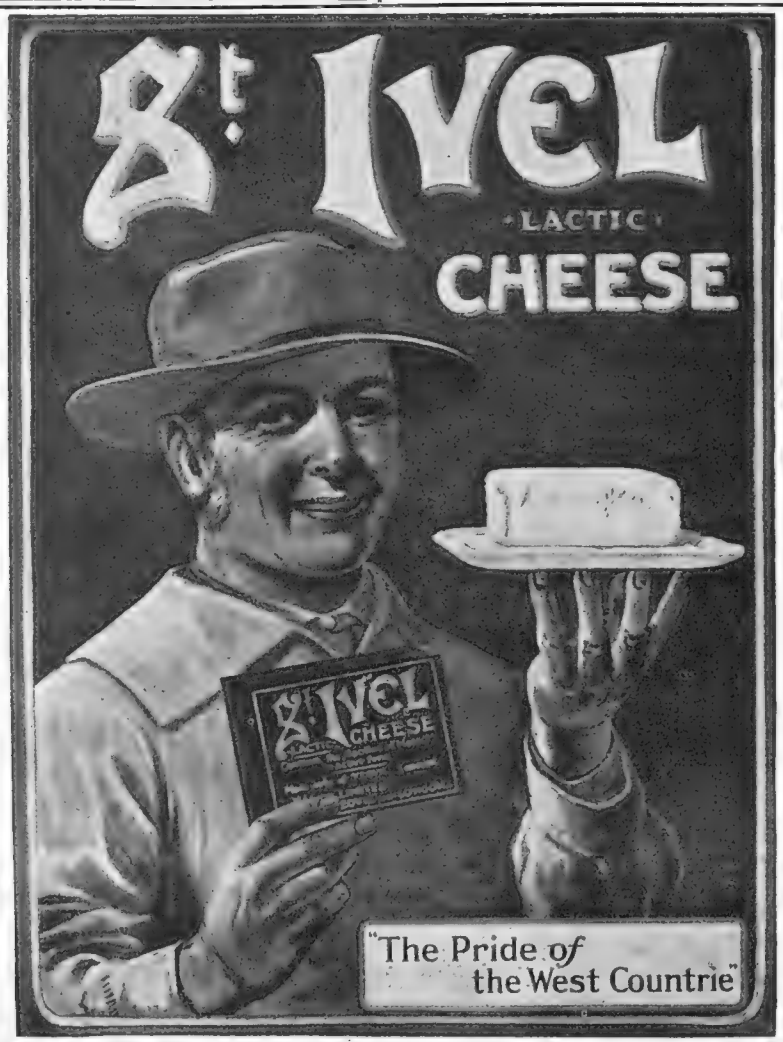


O'COAT 40/-; SUIT 50/-; LADY'S COSTUME 55/-

TURNED

and guaranteed "Just like New" by the Original and Leading Turn Clothes Tailors.

Send along at once. Carriage Paid One Way.

WALTER CURRALL & CO. 6, Broadway, Ludgate Hill (Near "Times" Offices.) *'Phone: Central 1816.*

Established 1903. Please mention *The Bystander.*

SUNNY SOUTH

WINTER RESORTS

Bexhill, Bognor, Brighton, Hastings Eastbourne, Hove, Littlehampton, Seaford, Southsea, Worthing, Tunbridge Wells.

Guides (stamp) from Town Clerks (Dep. S.C. 17)

HALLS AND STAIRCASES

BY MRS. M. VINCE

IN most London houses the hall is a real problem, for it is little more than a passage, and often a very ill-lighted passage. Yet one likes to have a pleasant hall, for it is from the hall that one takes one's first impressions of the house. How are we to make the most of these rather dismal passages which are all the architect has been able, in so many cases, to give us? To make it pleasant and habitable it is not enough to have "Welcome" or "Salve" on the mat.

THE first need is light. The upper panels of the front door should be glass with a grille outside. It should be tinted glass which prevents people from looking through, while taking away only the minimum of light. Some people deliberately deprive themselves of light which they might have by using coloured glass, or, which is still more absurd, by putting up curtains over the glass panels. Besides the glass panels in the door there is the "fanlight" above it. Most houses are content with a square of glass and the number painted on it. Yet this little window can so easily be a beautiful thing. Anyone can see at a glance what a difference a beautiful fanlight makes to the appearance of the front of a house and of his first impression of it, by looking at some of the old doors of the Bloomsbury houses

THESE passage-halls in London houses are too small for anything to be done with them by means of furniture. They will barely take the minimum, a hat-rack and umbrella-stand and a solitary chair. These should be as simple and unobtrusive as possible. Since there is no room for furniture, the only way in which you can make your hall distinctive is by the choice of coverings for the walls, the floor and the stairs. Wood-block flooring with rugs is the best way of doing the floor.

WITH regard to the walls, two important points have to be remembered. The first is that if the halls and stairs are not very light, those colours should be used which reflect the light instead of absorbing it. The second point is that in choosing a paper for the hall, you must remember that you are choosing it for the whole of the staircase, that is to say, for a much greater wall area than there is in even the largest rooms, and also that it will go to a much greater height than the wall of any room. For that last reason a paper which would look well in a room may not look well on a staircase. The monotonous repetition of a pattern becomes worse on a staircase than in a room, simply because of the greater height. I have been in one house where the wallpaper in the hall consisted chiefly of purple birds with green tail-feathers, and the ugliness of that paper grew and grew as one looked up from single specimens to whole flights of those green and purple monstrosities. On the other hand, there are wallpapers which look better the higher they go. These are the kind to choose for halls and staircases.

PERSONALLY, I think it is better still to have no paper at all, but to have a good bold dado-rail, four feet up the wall, and to paint this rail, the wall below it, and the skirting-board a soft green or a warm brown—cream should be avoided as being so light that it soils very quickly—and to paint the wall above a lighter shade of the same colour. This is one of the simplest and most satisfactory ways of doing the hall and staircase.

LASTLY there is the stair-carpet. If there is one thing in the house on which it is false economy to save money, it is on the stair-carpet. It has so much wear that it is wisest to have the very best. Nothing looks nicer than a plain carpet with a border in a darker shade, but plain carpets, one has to remember, show the tread and dirt more than patterned carpets. Again, if the walls are painted, as I have suggested, a plain colour, green or brown, the stair-carpet should not be plain. Stained wooden stair-rods are a fairly recent innovation and a great gain. They look just as well as brass rods, and they save a great deal of labour, for they have only to be dusted, and for that they need not even be taken out.

UNPROMISING material as such a narrow hall is, you will find that if you can get sufficient light into it, keep the walls a light colour, and have a good stair-carpet, you will have done enough to make it a pleasant and dignified entrance to your house. M. V.

Photograph *Navana*

AN EXHIBITION DANCER

Mrs. Jack Carlton, who is appearing with her husband in a series of exhibition ballroom dances at the Coliseum this week

FASHION'S FANCIES

BY MRS. JACK MAY

La Mode Sanctions the Mingling of Materials

THIS is a fact that should be kept well before the eyes just now, with remnants and short lengths bombarding us from every side. All the same, it is just as well to have a definite scheme in view, and, by way of providing a text, there is a *modish* example of something very much *le dernier cri* in evening frocks pictured that conform to this decree.

A *faille* skirt and a lace corsage comes as a welcome change to creations fashioned all of one material, and there are signs and portents of some very big developments on these lines. Do you know a certain lace that looks like frosted snow? It is one of those modern *dentelles* of silk and metal threads, and has a singularly rich and beautiful appearance. Well, that is requisitioned for the corsage illustrated, in conjunction with a *jupe* of sea-green *faille*, shot with a silver bloom.

A BECOMING MODEL

For the corsage of this frock a lace that appears very like frosted snow is requisitioned with a jupe of sea-green faille shot with silver bloom

Original sketch by Betty Nisbet

An Après-Midi Gown

OUR second original offering of an *après-midi* gown is effected in black *marocain*, a model replete with all that is latest and best in straight, simple silhouette, artistically relieved by cascaded side panels, surmounted by rosettes made of jade-green *bébé* ribbon. The *chapeau*, also, is distinctively novel, and shows the penchant prevailing for clever daring outline. These hats are variously built of velvet and satin, and their *chic* lies in a complete absence of any extraneous decorations.

Furniture and Furnishing Fabrics

WARING AND GILLOWS, 164-180, Oxford Street, are to the fore with many notable bargains, the reductions clearly indicating a firm determination to clear at a big sacrifice, and as this house has a reputation second to none for fine, exclusive taste and irreproachable value, a sale here is an opportunity no woman who is house-proud is likely to ignore.

Waring and Gillows household linens and damask is world-renowned, consequently their clearance of 500 all linen Irish damask tablecloths, 2 yds. by 2 yds., at 16*s.* 6*d.* provides another significant item, as also hemstitched fine longcloth sheets, 72 ins. by 3 yds., laundered ready for use, that have fallen from 27*s.* 6*d.* the pair to 18*s.* 9*d.*

A few antiques are included in the furniture, and these have been subjected to tempting reductions, a Sheraton inlaid half-circular card-table to £6 15*s.* and a fine Queen Anne oak hanging cupboard, 7 ft. 6 ins. high, with three rows of drawers, being marked down from £145 to £95 10*s.*

Model Suits and Gowns

WHERE all is so good it is almost invidious to particularise, but Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, carry such a big name for their smart coats and skirts and gowns it is tempting to give these precedence, although the same astounding value obtains in mantles, furs, millinery, blouses, and especially in ribbons and all the little toilette accessories that run

THE RIBBON VOGUE

An afternoon gown effected in black marocain artistically relieved by cascaded side panels surmounted by rosettes made of jade-green bébé ribbon

Original sketch by Betty Nisbet

away with such an inordinate amount of money at ordinary times.

At 8½ guineas there is an unparalleled choice in really good, up-to-date tailor-mades, a typical example of which is found in a coat of good quality velveteen allied to a box-pleated skirt of striped hopsack, an ideal spring suit. Velour suits, with the new long, full *basqued* coat, trimmed mole dyed coney in three different designs, costing 9½ guineas; while of similarly advanced character and style are the afternoon and evening

(Continued on page x)

MONTE CARLO

Winter Season - October to May. Bathing - June to September

THE MOST ENJOYABLE WINTER TEMPERATURE IN EUROPE. MEAN TEMPERATURE 59°

OUTDOOR SPORTS

Golf Competitions.

Olympic Games Competitions for Ladies.

Horse Racing (Flat and Cross Country).

Pigeon Shooting.

Sailing & Rowing Regattas.

Motor-boat Races.

OUTDOOR SPORTS

Motor-cycle Hill Climbing.

Seaplane Races.

Military Tournament.

International Dog Show

Floral Fêtes.

Boxing.

Athletic Sports.

OPERAS, under the direction of M. Raoul Gunsbourg. Orchestra Conductor, M. Léon Jehin. The finest Artists of International Repute. Gorgeous "Mise-en-Scène."

CONCERTS, conducted by M. Louis Ganne.
Symphoniques and Modern, conducted by M. Lauweryns.
CLASSICAL, conducted by M. Léon Jehin.

RUSSIAN BALLETS. OPERETTES AND LIGHT COMEDIES.

The Catering in the Hotels and Restaurants is the Best the World can produce.

THROUGH TRAINS FROM CALAIS TO RIVIERA.

VICKERY'S popular WRISTLETS

EXCELLENT FOR

Birthday and Bridesmaid's Gifts

Any Initial in Diamonds in

Enamel Border	only	£3	18 6
With Pearl Initial		2	10 0

Also with **Diamond SPORTING BIRDS AND ANIMALS** instead of initial: Flying Duck, Pheasant, Woodcock, Aberdeen Terrier, Partridge, Foxhead, Owl or Squirrel £5 15 0

With Regimental Badge in Diamonds... 7 2 6

With your **Lucky Number** in Diamonds in Enamel Circle :—

Single Number	£5	18	6
Double „	9	9	0

INSPECTION INVITED. CATALOGUE POST FREE.

J·C VICKERY
177 to 183 REGENT ST, LONDON, W·1·
By Appointment
Silversmith etc. to H.M. the King
Jeweller to H.M. the Queen
Silversmith to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales

HOTEL METROPOLE

and

Restaurant des Ambassadeurs, MONTE CARLO.

The Centre of the Riviera's Brilliant International Social Life.

¶ The Restaurant des Ambassadeurs is conducted on the same lines as the Restaurant des Ambassadeurs at the New Hotel Metropole, London, where the Appointments, Cuisine and Service are unsurpassed.

FRANCIS TOWLE, *Managing Director.*

For Tariff & Reservations apply ARTHUR DREYFUS, *Resident Manager*

FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded)

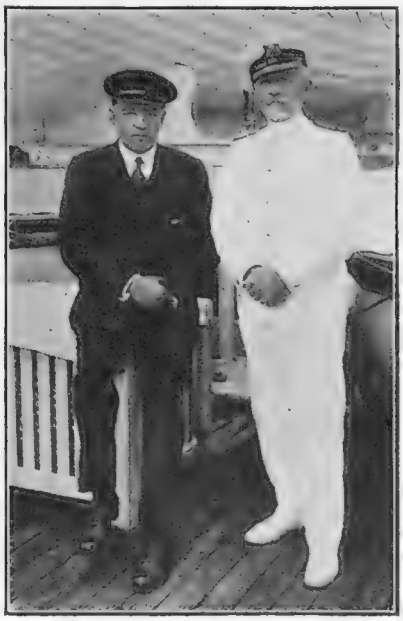
gowns. Suitable to restaurant wear or useful for a *thé dansant* is a model silk georgette, daintily embroidered in gold or oxydised, only 7½ guineas. This is obtainable in navy, black, and a few good colours, another guinea securing a sweet evening frock fashioned of rich quality shot *faille* silk, the prettily scalloped skirt falling over a petticoat of lace. A representative example of the drastic treatment accorded original Paris models is found in a gown of black silk georgette, enhanced by the loveliest embroidery of fine *diamanté*, reduced from 85 to 30 guineas.

A Quality Sale

EVERY department at Woolland Bros. Knightsbridge, is brought under the ban of the blue pencil, and this bears more than ordinary significance, in that this firm offer only their own noted high-class goods. Nothing is added to this clearance, since the sole objective is to get rid of surplus stock that room may be made for fresh novelties.

Gloves and hosiery are always well worth following up here at sale time, for the reductions are drastic, and the value guaranteed. Articles in the made-up lace section likewise exacting the closest and earliest attention. Here there are beautiful lace and beaded tunics going for a mere song, together with much lovely lace by the yard, and remnant baskets full of covetable odd lengths so useful for trimming underwear, *boudoir* caps, and the like.

Famed for acquiring the pick of the Parisian model gowns, these never fail of proving a strong magnet at a Woolland sale. Exquisite creations, carrying the name of exclusive *couturiers*, that, having served their purpose, are marked down to give-away prices. There are, too, hundreds of smart coats and skirts, suitable to Town or country wear, together with sports skirts, all dropped to prices that make them available to the most modest of purses.



SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON AT RIO
Sir Ernest Shackleton with Captain A. P. Dix, the Commander of the R.M.S.P. boat "Andes," at Rio de Janeiro

The Perm-Point Pencil

A neat pencil case in silver or gold makes an indispensable adjunct to the hand-bag of any woman or waistcoat pocket of any man. In these days of many business appointments and social engagements it is impossible, without the aid of a pencil to commit them to paper, to remember them. Perm-Point pencil cases are hand made by jewellers and sold only by jewellers in silver and gold, the former from 18*s.* 6*d.*, and the latter from 90*s.* The pencil leads need no sharpening, and they can be obtained from all jewellers or from Edward Baker and Son, 30 and 31 Augusta Street, Birmingham.

"De Reszke" Calendar for 1922

A very attractively designed calendar for 1922 has just been published by the makers of "De Reszke" cigarettes. It depicts in colour the interesting "adventures" of the Aristocrat, which have frequently appeared on the back page of THE BYSTANDER. Readers who would like to have one of these calendars should write direct to Messrs. J. Millhoff and Co., Ltd., 86, Piccadilly, London, W. 1, and it will be sent them free of charge.

POPE & BRADLEY
Civil Military & Naval Tailors
of OLD BOND ST LONDON W
By Appointment to H.M. the King of Spain

THE KNIGHT CLUB

PUNY PROFITEERING.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

IT must be a thrilling experience to be charged with murder. But we live in crafty times, and experience only comes to the emotional few.

I have only been charged once . . . criminally, more or less. The case was published in most of the papers. But memories are short, and must often be refreshed, like stomachs.

In the early part of last year the firm of Pope and Bradley was charged with profiteering. Being the singular proprietor of this plural personality, I appeared, and defended my own case. It appealed to my ironical sense of humour.

The firm was charged with charging (which is immediately combative) eighteen guineas for a lounge suit. And it really did seem an awful lot. Conducting the case myself before a perfectly stupid Tribunal I proved conclusively that the net profit on this suit was 7*s.* 8*d.* But with British phlegm and asthma and mental astigmatism, they were unable to comprehend my simple mathematics. So they gave the case against me and ordered a refund of £2 2*s.*, saying they thought eighteen guineas was too high a price for any suit. I told them I was amazed at their decision and should appeal.

I took the case to the Court of Appeal at Spring Gardens, and, finding intelligence there, of course, I won. Had I not done so I should have taken the case to the House of Lords, or to heaven, or even to the more populated place.

The case was simple but illustrative.

At each hearing it took two and a half hours to prove. A chartered accountant proved the accounts. A woollen merchant proved the cost of the materials. A salesman proved the sale of the suit, and the West End log workers who made the garments proved the wages they were paid. The cost in time alone was collectively at least £100.

Since that date the finest quality materials are down 25 per cent., and West End log labour is down 10 per cent.

The prices of Pope and Bradley have been reduced accordingly, and they are still calculated on a bare margin of cost. There is no prospect of making more than a bare margin of profit at present. The spending capacity of the public to-day is limited. And until things recover this House is content to maintain production, keep its hundreds of employees at work, and forego its individual profits. Lounge Suits from £10 10*s.* Dinner Suits from £16 16*s.* Dress Suits from £18 18*s.* Riding Breeches from £5 15*s.* 6*d.* Overcoats from £8 8*s.*

14 OLD BOND STREET W
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FOR RHEUMATISM, GOUT, SCIATICA, Etc.

IF YOUR BACK ACHES Act Quickly

ALKIA SALTRATES

DISORDERED KIDNEYS DO NOT NEED DRUGGING.

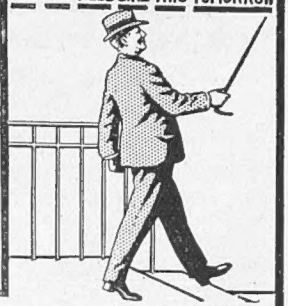
It may be Kidney disorder and neglect of this leads to Rheumatic and Uric Acid troubles innumerable.

They only need a thorough flushing and cleansing. Nature will then do what no medicine can.

IF YOU FEEL LIKE THIS TODAY

NO OTHER LIKE IT

YOU CAN FEEL LIKE THIS TOMORROW



ALKIA SALTRATES is a curative compound containing the essential medicinal constituents found in the waters of famous mineral springs. It enables you to enjoy the benefits of spa treatment in your own home. Alkia Saltrates acts naturally by quickly dissolving, neutralising and washing out of your body the uric acid and other impurities that directly cause Rheumatic or Gouty torture, Kidney disease, etc., etc. Millions of bottles of Alkia Saltrates have been sold during the past ten years, every bottle under our unqualified guarantee of absolute satisfaction to every user or mo ey back immediately and without question. The sale is increasing daily. *This means something.*

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in spite of all the rough work you now have to do. Rub a little well in each time you wash them, and they will soon be all you could wish

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La-rola will keep away all roughness, redness, and chaps from your face and hands, and prevent your complexion being spoilt by frost or keen winds. Get a bottle to-day; you'll be delighted with the results.

From all Chemists and Stores.

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GASTRIC & INTESTINAL TROUBLES

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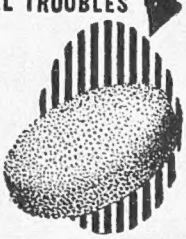

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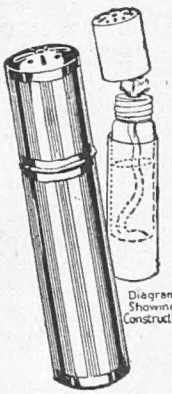
WOMEN love L'ODORIGÈNE because it is so small and attractively designed, because it can be carried in their handbags, and because it is always ready to diffuse unobtrusively their favourite scent. Not a drop of perfume is wasted by this method of vaporization.



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Cut, Material, Quality and Finish,
All make it The Ideal Shirt.

The trade mark above is your safeguard. Insist on seeing it.

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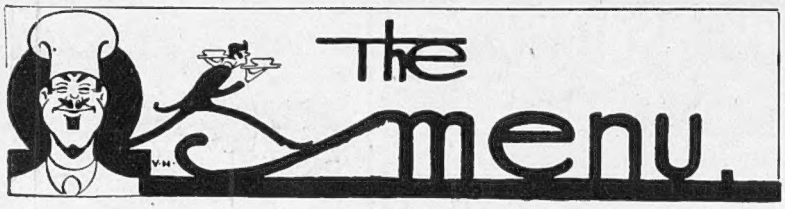
The menu.

SOME RECIPES FOR COOKING UP TURKEY

TURKEY SOUFFLÉ
CURRIED TURKEY
TURKEY MOULD
TURKEY À LA MILANAISE
DEVILLED TURKEY
A SAVOURY—SHRIMPS ON TOAST

Turkey Soufflé

POUND or put through a mincing machine 3 ozs. of the white meat of a turkey, and mix with it half a pint of milk, two eggs well-beaten, salt, pepper, and a pinch of cayenne and mace. Put the whole into a well-greased mould, tie it down with a cloth and steam it for thirty minutes. It must be kept upright, and when turned out in the entrée dish pour some well-seasoned brown gravy round, and serve with artichokes in white sauce.

Curried Turkey

Ingredients: 1 lb. of turkey, one large tablespoonful of curry powder, half a lemon, one good-sized onion, one apple, 1 oz. of margarine, one gill of milk. Mince the onion and apple and fry them thoroughly in the margarine, without browning. Add one dessertspoonful (a large one) of curry powder, and fry for a few minutes. Stir well, and add a gill of milk, a little chutney, and, if available, a little powdered cocoanut. Let the sauce cook gently for thirty minutes. Then rub through a strainer, put back into the stewpan, add the turkey cut up into dice, and simmer gently for another thirty minutes. Squeeze the juice of the lemon into the curry and serve with well-boiled rice.

Turkey Mould

Pour one pint of warm gravy or stock over 1 oz. of gelatine and leave for twenty minutes. Stir till dissolved, and pour into a mould. Boil three eggs hard, and cut into quarters. Cut 1 lb. of turkey into rather large dice, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and when the jelly in the mould is almost set, drop the turkey and the egg at intervals into it. Turn out when cold and serve with a mixed salad.

Turkey à la Milanaise

Boil ¼ lb. of macaroni in salted water for about thirty minutes. Cut up into small pieces 1 lb. of turkey, 4 ozs. of ham or tongue and the macaroni. Add one large tablespoonful of grated cheese. Melt ½ oz. of margarine in a stewpan, and stir one dessertspoonful of flour smoothly in. Add half a pint of milk and stir till thickened. Now add all the other ingredients. Season with salt and pepper and a grate of nutmeg, and simmer on the stove or in a casserole in the oven until heated through. Serve with brussels sprouts and potatoes baked in their skins.

Devilled Turkey

Divide the legs and make some incisions in them with a sharp knife. Season them with salt, pepper, cayenne, and lemon-juice. Spread a little butter or margarine over them, and broil over a clear fire, or under the gas deflector. Serve very hot.

Shrimps on Toast

Put threepennyworth of picked shrimps into a saucepan with a teaspoonful of white pepper, the juice of an orange, ½ oz. of butter, and a little nutmeg. Make the mixture very hot upon small squares of buttered toast.

EMILIA

"NUGGET" BOOT POLISH

THE supremacy of 'Nugget' is greatly due to its wonderful preservative qualities. It is guaranteed free from acid or anything injurious to the finest leather. It prevents leather from cracking and gives a brilliant, lasting shine in a few moments.

'Nugget' is made in the following colours—Black, Brown (Tan), Dark Brown, Toney Red, and White for patent leather, in tins, 4d. & 6d.

4D. TINS. 6D. TINS.

No. 808 C.F.H.

A companionable wine, yielding rare pleasure to the senses, rich and full to the taste.

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CONCORD PORT

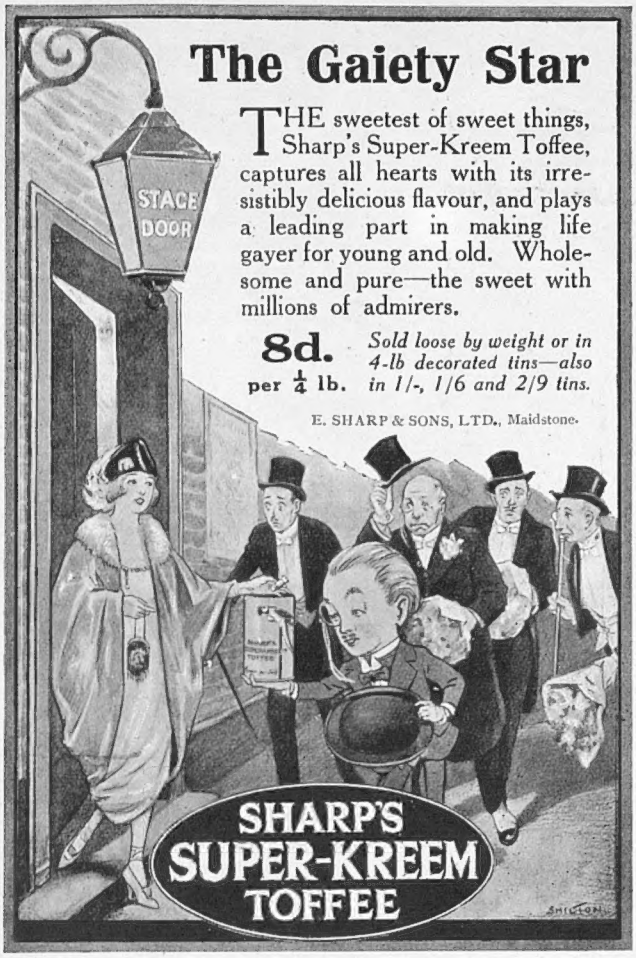
W. H. CHAPLIN & CO., LTD., 48, Mark Lane, London, E.C.3

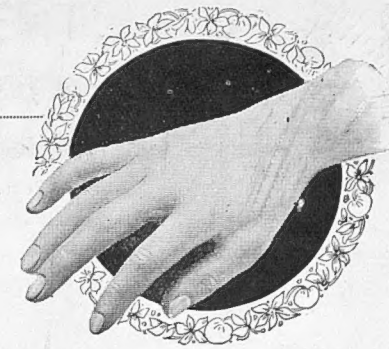
The Gaiety Star

THE sweetest of sweet things, Sharp's Super-Kreem Toffee, captures all hearts with its irresistibly delicious flavour, and plays a leading part in making life gayer for young and old. Wholesome and pure—the sweet with millions of admirers.

8d. per ¼ lb. *Sold loose by weight or in 4-lb decorated tins—also in 1/-, 1/6 and 2/9 tins.*

E. SHARP & SONS, LTD., Maidstone.





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Just after washing, night and morning, sprinkle a few drops of "ESS VIOTTO" into your hands and rub them gently until it disappears, leaving a delightful odour of the essence of the Violet.

Try this delightful preparation also in the following manner:—

Squeeze a sponge out in warm water, sprinkle on a few drops of "Ess Viotto" and wipe all over the face, neck and arms. Dry gently with a soft towel.

Used in the above way "Ess Viotto" does wonders for your complexion.

2s. 6d., 4s. 9d., 6s. 9d. per bottle.

Of all Chemists and Stores.

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Free Meal Kitchens have been established in London's Distressed Areas.

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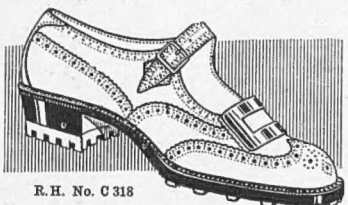
An Asset to the Lady Golfer



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This SCOT Golf Shoe has a combined rubber and metal grip that has been proclaimed by the leading professionals as the grip *par excellence* — **"always grips, never slips."**

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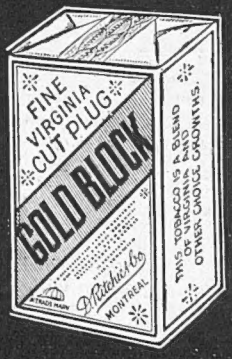

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Teaches your children to *want* clean teeth

HAVE you noticed that happy, healthy, rollicking youngsters almost always have sound teeth? Do you know that sound teeth are usually the cause of good health—not merely the result of it?

To keep teeth sound they must be kept clean. How imperative, therefore, to teach children to want clean teeth!

Let them use Gibbs Dentifrice and you will have no trouble on that score. A few rubs of the toothbrush on the solid pink cake takes up exactly the amount of dentifrice required. A few rubs on the teeth in an up-and-down movement and presto! lovely, fragrant, sweet-tasting bubbles appear.

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Your teeth are Ivory Castles—Defend them with

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Popular Size, 7½d. De Luxe Size, 1/6
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FREE! A fortnight's trial of Gibbs Dentifrice and a copy of the wonderful

Ivory Castle Fairy Book

This fascinating book of ten charming fairy stories is teaching thousands of children the *why* of tooth-cleaning, changing the once humdrum routine into an exciting game. It leads little ones quickly to *want* clean teeth.

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